

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

## AND

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#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Warleigh; or, the Fatal Oak. A Legend of Devon.* By Mrs. Bray, author of "The White Hoods," "The Talba," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

THE North and the West of our island are especially rich in traditionary lore. The North has its old ballads, and its stirring tales of border strife; while the West has its varied records of the Parliamentary wars, where the struggle between the Loyalist and the Puritan was kept up to the last. The country, also, is both bolder and wilder than the other parts of England; and hence, perhaps, superstition is more poetical, taking its tone from the picturesque localities with which it is connected. Old historical associations, fearful and fanciful beliefs, traditions ancient enough for the varieties of invention, yet not too far back to have lost their interest, together with singularly fine scenery—such, it must be owned, constitute an admirable whole for the novelist. Mrs. Bray has chosen her position well: she has also the advantage of familiar acquaintance with the scenes she describes—

"dingie and bosky dell,  
I know them all."

Another especial merit of her works, one too which peculiarly recommends them to the juvenile reader, is their historical exactness. A great portion of information may be gleaned from her pages. The time of Warleigh is about the close of the reign of Charles I.: that most unfortunate monarch—unfortunate in himself, but more unfortunate still in his relations with another. The men of the West were then making their last brave efforts to save him; and the history of one of those attempts is embodied in Mrs. Bray's narrative. The following account of a murder will give an idea of her style—a murder is the very thing for November.

"It seemed as if the unfortunate Amias Radcliffe, though speechless and expiring, yet, nevertheless, understood what was said to him. Propped up in the arms of Coleman—as Dolly Summerfield endeavoured to stanch the blood that issued fast from his chest, and the constable held the light to her that she might see to do it—Radcliffe looked up earnestly, and fixed his eyes on Coleman. They were filled with water: his lips moved, but no voice came. His features were sunk, and the muscles about the face twitched convulsively; every feature wore the marble hues of death. After vainly essaying to speak, the unfortunate young man made one last effort: it was probably to recommend his soul to God; for, pressing his hands feebly together, his eyes became raised, and the lips were slightly in motion. In a few moments he seemed to be lost to all around him: his hands dropped heavy and motionless by his side—the dreadful death-rattle was in his throat, a slight groan announced the parting pang, and he fell backwards on the earth, his eyes open, but fixed and glaring, with all that terrific and repulsive expression which the human eye invariably possesses when its light

is quenched in death, and it is no longer as the glass to reflect those beautiful changes of feeling and of thought that raise the human creature above every other created thing, and shew forth his immortality in the grandeur of his moral energies, and in the power of his moral actions. No part of the body decays so quickly as the eye, because it is the immediate organ of the soul: the soul is to it as the sun to the earth—its beams give it light and lustre; and when that is set, it falls at once into darkness and to night."

At a meeting in the house of his guardian, those who found him enter, "carrying, wrapped in a large cloak, the dead body of a young man. Surprise seized on all present; none expressed it in stronger terms than did Colonel Holborn and Sir John Coppelstone; but who shall describe the scene of grief and dismay which presented itself, when, on removing the cloak from the face of the deceased, it was known to be Amias Radcliffe! The nature of his wounds proclaimed that he had been murdered. We pass in silence the first emotions of horror and alarm that possessed all who were present. In the general sympathy and indignation that the sight of the body of the murdered inspired, every other feeling was, for the time being, lost or suspended; and some signs, some tokens of pity, seemed to touch even the hardest heart."

"An old man rushed forward into the midst of the chamber; and, unheeding the presence of any one, never paused till he reached the body. With a passionate burst of sorrow he threw himself upon it, and buried his face in the blood-stained breast of the deceased, kissed the cold lips, gazed upon the still and fixed features, raised one of the stiffened hands in both his own; but, shuddering, let it fall, as its chilling touch awoke feelings allied to horror. For awhile he stood silent and motionless, and then, pressing his hands with violence upon his forehead, burst into an agony of grief that affected every heart capable of pity at the sight of so much real distress. Roger Rowle inquired of a by-stander who the old man might be who mourned with so much bitterness for the dead. He was answered, 'It is Anthony Lapthorne: an old servant he is to this family; he waited on the father of young Radcliffe, and loved poor master Amias from a child.' The old man at length spoke, as he again raised one of the cold hands of the deceased and pressed it fervently to his bosom. 'And art thou dead!' he exclaimed; 'dead! dear Master Amias! and have I lived to see those young eyes closed for ever in darkness?—dead! and thus covered with blood! not a drop left in his veins to warm this hand, which was never held out to mine but in kindness. Oh that I could warm it into life! If all the blood which runs feebly through my weak body could, by being shed, give but life to yours, your poor old servant would pour it out, drop by drop, to the last, for your sake. Oh, my master! my dear young master! was it to witness misery like this that I was born on your father's ground, fed by his

hand, and found no comfort, nor God's word, but the blessing of both came by his means—for he gave me all, and taught me when but a youth to know the path to life! I saw him die too—die a dreadful death! and now his son follows! Ay, there he is!' continued the distracted old man, as he looked up and gazed on the portrait of Sir Walter Radcliffe, as it hung, a full-length figure, in the hall; the calm, melancholy, and pity-asking eye seeming, though but in its painted semblance, to look with sorrow on the body of his son, as it lay stretched out in death immediately beneath. 'He is there!' continued Anthony, pointing to the picture; 'he looks sad; well may he look sad at such a sight as this!'

The body is laid out, and an old woman, who acts a conspicuous part in the tale, sits to watch beside.

"Having now strewed on the body herbs and rosemary in abundance, and not having forgotten the salt, and all things else usual on such ceremonials, she lighted the seven tapers, placed them at the head of the corpse, and set herself down to watch; nothing inclined to sleep, but musing upon the dreadful circumstances which had cut off one of the very few persons for whom she had ever felt any thing like pity or good-will; nor did she cease to lament the fate of her own darling idiot boy. As she thus sat musing, the door was softly opened. On turning her head, to see who might be the intruder upon her 'dead-watch' at such an hour, she perceived the tall and sombre figure of Coppelstone wrapped in his cloak, and coming forward with a stealthy step. He bore a lighted taper, which he put down without speaking. He threw aside his cloak, and shewed that he was armed. Dame Gee looked up in his face with an inquiring eye, as if she would there read some index of the dark and hidden purpose within. There was a peculiar expression in the countenance she thus looked upon, not usual with Coppelstone. The cold, sinister, and cautious glance was exchanged for one bold, resolute, and daring. Yet, notwithstanding this, it seemed as if it had cost him a strong effort to assume resolution sufficient to go through a scene that was repugnant to his feelings; for he drew his breath painfully, and held his lips compressed together, as he advanced towards the body, and began to handle it with some slight trembling and agitation. Coppelstone endeavoured to open the doublet which covered the breast; but, not readily accomplishing his purpose, he was obliged to look more closely at the object before him. Dame Gee, who had risen from her seat and advanced also near the corpse, now observed, that, as Coppelstone handled it, an expression of horror passed over his dark features, his eyes closed for a moment, and he shuddered. 'What would you with the dead, Sir John Coppelstone?' she said; 'the body must not be touched till the coroner sees it; and I am here to watch.' 'Woman,' answered Coppelstone, 'hold thy peace! what I do is no business of thine. This youth was of my own house; I was his god-

father and his guardian: I am here by right to examine.' 'You shall not touch him!' exclaimed Dame Gee, with the utmost boldness; 'not a fold of his blood-stained garments shall you lay hand upon, as there is law or power to make you answer it.'

The suspicion falls on a wrong person; but at the trial the real murderer is thus discovered:—

"An elderly man, wrapped in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, was (in company with a respectable and middle-aged gentlewoman, and a little girl, whom she led by the hand) earnestly endeavouring to force his way into court, whilst the officers in attendance attempted to keep him back. They succeeded in detaining the old man; but the woman, more active, and possibly having been less roughly handled, pushed swiftly past, rushed forward, raised the child who was with her in her arms, and exclaimed, in a voice whose high intonations and energy electrified all the court,—'You have heard the dream—now hear the witness!' From the extraordinary manner in which this person had rushed into the assembly, her agitated appearance, her raising the little girl in her arms, and the wild tones in which she uttered so strange an exclamation, altogether induced many present to conclude that she was some mad woman, whose mind, more than usually disturbed by what was going on, had worked upon its own feelings till she fancied herself called upon to take some part in the busy events of the day. An officer in attendance went up to her, and was about to force her to retire; but she shook off his hold in a moment; and, raising the little girl's arm, shewed to all the court that the child held the sheath of a dagger in her hand. She looked at the girl with a strong expression of earnestness and affection, as she said, 'Mary, my child, speak the truth; God sees you!' The child, animated and encouraged by these words of her mother, looked round, and all felt surprised and interested by the uncommon beauty and innocence of her appearance. She seemed about eight years old; her complexion was of the liveliest and most delicate hues, her hair hung clustered in ringlets bright as gold, and her eye was clear and blue as the softest tints of a summer sky. Such was the child: she looked steadily round, till her eye caught the object of her search; and then, in a voice and with a manner that betrayed some fear, yet not unmingled with a degree of resolution that could scarcely be expected from one of her tender years, she held out her hand, and pointing with the sheath of the dagger to Sir John Copplestone, as he sat in the court, exclaimed,—'There is the man who did the murder!'" [His guardian, who had been induced to commit the deed, and to attempt searching the body, to obtain from him the papers of a mortgage on his estate.]

We see that Mrs. Bray announces a work likely to prove of great interest—"The Legends of Devon." Her industry and information are well known; and we doubt not but their gleanings in so promising a soil will be equally attractive and curious.

*Tydney Hall.* By Thomas Hood. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bailey and Co.

It has always been a doubtful point with us, whether Mr. Hood's talents were of a kind calculated to produce a good novel. The perusal of *Tydney Hall* has turned the doubt.—Can Mr. Hood write a novel? into the certainty that he cannot. Most of the characters are

common-place as the narrative;—a wearisome succession of mistakes and caricatures as faginating as the repetition of practical jokes; a squire copied from Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone; a Creole from Rashleigh; an old woman from Meg Merrilies; a severe magistrate from Brandon; such are the venerable materials of the present work. Bits of oddities and quaintness, and one or two detached scenes, are amusing enough; but they do not combine—and their whole is a complete failure. Mr. Hood's mind is of a very peculiar cast—a cast most opposed to the production of an animated, natural, and interesting fiction. His great skill is in placing things in an odd light, finding out "similes of dissimilitude," and thinking what no one would have thought of but himself;—or a simile has just occurred to us. Have any of our readers ever visited Greenwich Park?—of course they have. Summer and sunshine have tempted them to ascend the hill nearest the hospital. On their arrival at the top, an old sailor stands with glasses of all powers and colours: one lengthens, another widens the object, a third repeats it in grotesque combinations, a fourth represents the landscape covered with snow, a fifth as seen by the light of a conflagration, while a sixth, like the Tyrian dye for the hair, turns it to a reddish purple. Now, Mr. Hood's mind's eye sees through such glasses. The effects are odd, amusing, and pleasant; but they won't do in the long run: we soon want the green earth and the clear sky in their own fair reality. But Mr. Hood has no glass for this view. *Tydney Hall* has some odd characters; but they are caricatures, and their companions are copies. There are droll scenes, but they are farce; while the graver portions are either forced or borrowed. Moreover, what chills the action of the scene to the last degree is the extent of eloquence—the actors make such long speeches. The Creole, after his cousin's murder, when the unfortunate brother who has been the unhappy perpetrator of the deed is in agony and confusion, addresses him in a "discourse" (justly so termed by the author) of some two pages. Indeed, the whole arrangement of this murder and its consequences is most improbable and unnatural. The elder brother is killed by a chance shot from the younger one. Raby is no where represented as a fool, yet only a fool could have committed such an act in such a manner, or would have fled under the circumstances. He must instantly have perceived that his cousin, having directed his aim, must have been perfectly aware that he was entirely innocent of intention. The careless letter of the Creole to a friend, conjured up expressly for "that occasion only," is quite out of keeping with his cautious and reserved character. But the third volume is filled with the ordinary run of romance writers' improbabilities.

Recurring, however, to the pervading features of the whole work, we may remark, that the superabundance of fox-hunting phraseology is a great drawback on any interest that might be created. To most novel readers this jargon is unintelligible; and to those who do understand it, the quantity renders it tiresome. Mrs. Deborah's (the housekeeper) divisions of sentences, and pauses in wrong places, also become too fatiguing from repetition: the same humour which may tickle us with a slight touch, becomes a sad bore when we are perseveringly drilled with it.

Another marked defect of *Tydney Hall* is, that nearly all the *dramatis personæ* are more or less Tom Hoods; that grave and gay, high and low, intelligent and ignorant, are all ad-

dicted to the use of quaint expressions, to verbal epigrams, and to droll word-chasing. Never before did we meet with so fanciful a set.\* But to make amends for their ludicrous propensities, the three boys who figure in the tale have old heads on their young shoulders. They are experienced worldlings at school, and perfect Machiavels in their first year at college. There is neither nature, nor what painters call keeping, in any part. The "sequestered Rabbits' inn on 'the skirts of a forest'" becomes the centre of dense population within fifty pages; and the doctor's boy of this hitherto lonely spot is found carrying out as much medicine as would physic the most crowded quarter within the range of a London practitioner—"his basket fell with a hideous crash, followed by the powerful aromas of squills and camphor, æther and assafœtida; while a flood of mingled hue meandered along the floor, the acids and alkalis hissing at each other like enraged serpents." Could extravagance, caricature, and improbability, go farther?

"Unlucky Joe," a fellow married to misfortune, no matter what he attempts, is the most original portrait in the novel; yet the principal incident in his list of calamities is founded on his being accused of a capital felony, and (what will lawyers think?) examined by the justice on his own oath against himself. "The oath was recited by the clerk, and Joe kissed the book. Prisoner, what is your name?"

"Now, then," said the magistrate, with a manner meant to be particularly impressive, 'now, then, Joseph Spiller—and remember you are on your solemn oath—pray tax your memory, and inform us how you were employed during the morning of Friday, the 21st.' 'Starving,' was the brief answer."

Joe, however, escapes being hanged on his own evidence,—no thanks to the author.

Having alluded to the personal misadventures with which these pages abound, the ensuing will be a fair specimen of the rest. We need only observe, that the first speaker in the dialogue is the son and heir of Mr. Twigg, the gentleman giving the fête-champêtre.

"I say, an't you a scaly chap, now, not to come in character? You promised me, honour bright, you know; and, thinks I, it will be a hat and feathers, and a long cloak; for you've

\* Of this, and of the author's best triches in other respects, it is but fair to offer some of the most happy specimens.

*The Change before Death.*—"In such a case, the sparkle of the eye is but as the upflashing of an expiring taper; and the rosy foregery of health upon the cheek resembles only those ruddy sunsets portending gloom and tears."

*A Woman in a rage throws down a Basin.*—"In fact, the Tartar, as of old, began to rise on the ruins of China."

*A Duel.*—"The Lord be praised!" ejaculated Mr. Twigg. "Mr. T. was never concerned in any honourable affair in his life; and so little used as he is to duelling and letting off his life, if no worse happened, he'd be sure to shoot away his own fingers, or something."

*An Introduction.*—"Miss Twigg rose and performed a very elaborate curtsy, as if for the instruction of her mother; Twigg on his own part made one of those tradesman-like bows, when the body bends but the legs cannot for the counter; while his son kept repeating his ducks and bobs at Miss Rivers, whose eyes unfortunately would not 'come to the bower.'"

The following is sweetly expressed:—

"But rocks have their flowers, and deserts their fountains; and from the hard arid nature of the parent spring a beautiful plant, so instinct with a gushing sympathy for human sorrow as to resemble that weeping tree which refreshes the parched inhabitants of earth with the moisture it has collected from heaven."

The laborious is exemplified by the annexed, which is, nevertheless, one of the prettiest conceits we can quote:—

"Like a long-standing cup of tea, life generally grows sweeter and sweeter towards the bottom, and seems to be nothing less than syrup of sugar at the very last. The desponding, hopeless creed of the fatalist, however, was one especially calculated to sicken the heart and to sadden the soul, and to wean the owner from a world paved all over with black stones."

just got the cut of the mug, and the brown chops for a Spanish Don.' 'I gave no such promise, sir,' answered the Creole, sharply. 'Come, that's a good un!' exclaimed the cub. 'And I suppose you didn't promise to give us a little spouting? And you don't remember, neither, the bit of speechifying in the lane—the portrait, the portrait's the thing,—and truth stamps on it?' 'I am no strolling player, sir,' said St. Kitts; 'but perhaps you mistake me for some of your acquaintance?' 'No, I don't,' answered the cub, with a knowing wink; 'I'd swear to your phiz any wheres, and no mistake. Who are you? Why, you're Watty Tyrral, alias St. Kitts, alias Gyp.' 'The time and place protect you, sir,' said the Creole, between his teeth, 'or this offensive familiarity should be chastised.' 'Punished, eh!' said the cub; 'if you're for a turn-up, don't stick about trifles; the company's dullish, and a bit of a row will brighten 'em up. For my part, I'd as soon fight in a ring of ladies and gentlemen, as prigs, sheenies, and costermongers,—and we needn't strip. So shup up your castor, and my tile won't be long after it.' 'I have no inclination, sir,' said the Creole, 'to convert this garden into a bear-garden.' 'All fogrum!' said the cub, adopting a favourite phrase of the highborn and highbred Fulke Greville; 'didn't Hamlet and Thing-um-bob fence before the king and queen, and all the court? It's only doing the thing more like Englishmen, with fists instead of foils.' 'No, no; I'll be a party to no such parodies of Shakespeare,' said St. Kitts, with a laugh; for he prudently reflected, that it is better to dance with a bear than to fight with him; and, besides, the altercation had begun to attract the notice of the bystanders; he readily took, therefore, the hand that was held out to him, and accepted the cub's invitation to see 'something worth seeing,' at a distant part of the grounds. 'There it is,' said the cub, pointing, with a chuckle, to a garden-engine; 'it's chuck-full, and a regular sneaking job I had to get it here on the sly. Come, man, pump away like a fireman, and I'll guide the pipe.' 'I must first know what is to be got under,' said St. Kitts, 'before I help to play upon it.' 'Why, the arbour, to be sure,' answered the cub; 'those green boards are the back of it.' 'Tilda is Flora, and that's her temple; and as it's hottish weather for her and the flowers, I'm going to give them a benefit.' 'You must excuse me,' said the Creole, 'but I will be accomplice in no such plot; I detest practical jokes.' 'Backing out, eh?' said the cub, regarding his companion with a look of contempt. 'Why, she'll only give a squawk; I've often cold-pigged her of a morning. But no matter—I can do it myself. So here goes.' The speaker immediately seized the handle of the pump, and plied it vigorously with one hand, while the other directed the pipe upwards, so judgmatically, as he would have said, that the jet of water, after rushing some yards aloft, fell in a heavy shower through the lattice-work which composed the roof of the bower. A loud scream, as he had predicted, arose from the interior of the temple.

There is a whimsical account given of the preparations needed for angling:—  
 "If it wasn't for your everlasting poetry," said Ringwood, one day, "I should'n't hear so much of my everlasting sporting. I wish to God you would hunt or shoot a little yourself, instead of being such a bookworm. There's fishing is a quiet, studious sort of thing." "Never!" answered Raby with emphasis. "I cannot bear the thought even of impaling a poor inoffensive worm on a hook to writhe in

agony till he is drowned.' 'But you might have a fly,' said Ringwood; 'and, as you are so squeamish, you need not even impale a real one.' 'True,' said Raby; 'but I happen to have read Cotton, with his directions for making artificial ones; and really I have no inclination to go through the varied course of sporting which would be requisite only to furnish me with dubbing.' 'If I know what you mean,' exclaimed Ringwood, 'may I be pounded!' 'I speak,' answered Raby, 'from the book. I was tempted to read the instructions carefully for their whimsicality. To get only the materials for palmers, and stoneflays, and duns, and other technicals, would take up a greater portion of my life than I am disposed to spare. For instance, I must go bear-hunting, and scuffle with an old black bruin for a little of his skin, being particular to have him well tanned by the weather; then I must draw a badger for a bit of his fur; then I must take an otter for ditto; and then grope the banks for a water-rat and a water-mouse, if there be such an animal. I must beg the squire for a pluck of hair at his black spaniel on the inside of the ear, and must remember at Oxford to buy or steal a bit of a barge-sail. I must go hawking to get the herl of a heron, fox-hunting for the fur of an old red reynard, coursing for the scut of a hare, the blackest I can get, and shooting for a rook's wing, a lapwing's crest, and a partridge's tail. I must climb up trees for martins and squirrels, comb black grey-hounds with small-tooth combs, and go swine-shearing for sanded hog's down. Last, not least, I must shave our black Tom cat, if he will let me, for the sake of his whiskers; and then, turning him round, I must take a twitch out of his tail!'

An amusing *mélange* of the *débris* of a party disturbed by a cow—the loosening of the said cow being the result of another of young Mr. Twigg's practical jokes—may be added.

"The following are but a few of the objects which the Hon. Mr. Danvers beheld when he looked on. Item. A huge cold round of beef, surrounded by the froth of a trifle, like an island 'begirt with foam,' with a pigeon perched on the top instead of a cormorant. Item. A large lobster, roosting on the branch of an epergne. Item. A roast duck, seemingly fast asleep, with a cream cheese for a mattress and a cucumber for a bolster. Item. Brawn, in an ample writing-paper ruff, well sprinkled with claret, reminding the spectator irresistibly of the neck of King Charles the First. Item. Topsy-cake, appropriately under the table. Item. A puddle of cold punch, and a neat's tongue apparently licking it up. Item. A noble ham, brilliantly powdered with broken glass. Item. A boiled rabbit smothered in custard. Item. A lump of *blanc-mange* dyed purple. Item. A shoal of prawns in an ocean of lemonade. Item. A very fine boiled turkey, in a harlequin suit of lobster-salad. Item. A ship of sugar-candy, high and dry, on a fillet of veal. Item. A 'hedge-hog' sitting on a 'hen's nest.'—Vide Mrs. Glasse's Cookery for these confectionary devices. Item. A floating island, as a new constellation, amongst 'the moon and stars in jelly.'—See Mrs. Glasse again. Item. A large pound crab, sitting upright against a table, and nursing a chicken between its claws. Item. A collared eel, uncoiled, and threatening, like a boa constrictor, to swallow a fowl. Item. A Madeira pond in a dish cover, with a duck drowned in it. Item. A pig's face, with the snout smelling at a bunch of artificial flowers. Item. A leg of lamb as yellow as the leg of a boy at Christ's Hospital, thanks to the mustard-

pot. Item. A tongue all over 'flummery.' Item. An immense Macedoine of all the fruits of the season, jumbled together in jam, jelly, and creams. Such were some of the objects, interspersed with Serpentes of sherry, Peerless Pools of port, and New Rivers of Madeira, that saluted the eyes of the expectant guests, thus untimely reduced to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The unfortunate hostess appeared ready to drop on the spot; but, according to Major Oakley's theory, she refrained from fainting amongst so many broken bottles; whilst Twigg stood with the very aspect and attitude of a baker's journeyman who once saw just after a stumble which had pitched five rice-puddings, two custard ditto, a gooseberry pie, a currant tart, and two dozen cheesecakes, into a reservoir of M'Adam's broth from flints. The swamping of his collation on the ait in the Thames was a retail concern to this enormous wreck. His eye-brows worked, his eyes rolled, his lips quivered with inaudible curses, and his fingers twitched, as if eager to be doing something, but waiting for orders from the will; he was divided, in truth, between a dozen rival impulses, suggested to him all at once—to murder the cow, to thrash Pompey, to quarrel with his wife, to disinherit his son, to discharge the cooks, to order every body's carriage, to send Matilda back to boarding-school, to go to bed suddenly ill, to run away God knew where, to hang himself on the pear-tree, to drown himself in the fish-pond, to burn the marquee, to turn infidel and deny a Providence, to get dead drunk."

We must conclude by repeating our firm conviction that, quaint, odd, and humorous, as Mr. Hood is (and his forte lies in short performances replete with these qualities, not forgetting, either, some of his pathetic and natural poetical compositions), he will never write a good novel—at least if we may judge by the present production.\* And be it observed farther, that sundry indelicate expressions, to say the least of them, deform these pages; we will not cite them, but end with one sample, which we consider to be still more obnoxious to right sense and feeling.

"With all his seeming lowliness, he had at bottom a deal of the devil's 'darling sin,' the pride that apes humility." Out of nothing, it is written, God created the world; and as out of nothing Twigg had created some thirty thousand pounds, he considered himself as a sort of deity who had wrought a miracle."

\* We this day give our candid opinion of *Tinyne Hall*; but the subject requires a few explanatory words from us independently of our impartial criticism. In all affairs in which we are concerned, whether literary or other, we like to make a clean and honest breast of it: if we have erred, to confess it; and, if we have been in the right, to dissipate misapprehension or repel misrepresentation. It has ever been our established principle in the *Literary Gazette*, when works were sent to us previous to publication, that if we could say nothing favourable of them, we were at least bound to say nothing to prejudice them before they regularly appeared. To this rule we have steadfastly adhered; and, except in three or four instances, where we were unaware of the fact of the issue having been delayed, we have never prejudiced an author with whose production we could only have become acquainted through an act of courtesy. We are sorry to have been charged with an error of this kind in the case of *Tinyne Hall*, our brief notice of the first two volumes of which, in our No. 925, preceding, we are now told, the appearance of the entire novel. As an unconscionable departure from our own principle, we regret this, and can only excuse our hastiness by stating that the publisher himself assured us in writing, that the third volume would be ready ten days before the date of our *Gazette* of the 11th October. Perhaps we ought previously to have taken pains to ascertain the real circumstances; but in every other respect we feel that we have done but our public duty, from which neither private friendships, nor any other consideration whatever, have induced us to deviate in our long and often trying course.



*An Account of the Present State of the Island of Puerto Rico.* By Col. Flintner, Knight-Commander of the Royal Order of Isabel the Catholic, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1834. Longman and Co.

THE author has long been settled in Puerto Rico; and as the island is his world, he attaches more importance to its local features, statistics, &c. &c., than they will perhaps attain in the eyes of the inhabitants of any other portion of the globe. Our own sphere is a wonderful orb to us; our own circle contains all the magic we care for.

Puerto Rico, is, nevertheless, a place of considerable consequence; and the accounts of its state, government, and other particulars, by a competent authority, are not without their general interest. But the grand feature of the volume is its exhibition of at least one solution of the great moral and political problem involved in the questions of free and slave labour. There is no principle in all the complicated affairs of the human race which more deeply affects the mind; and we read with infinite satisfaction what Col. Flintner says in developing his purpose, which is thus announced:—

“My only object is to convey some idea of the wise preparatory measures which have been gradually fitting the slaves for emancipation, under the dominion of Spain, at a period when no legislative provisions were enacted, either for their physical comforts, or for their moral improvement, in the colonies of any other European nation. It must be peculiarly gratifying to those who advocate the emancipation of the slaves on sound and salutary principles, to discover, by the facts which I present for their consideration, that free labour on a large scale, and attended by the most beneficial consequences, has been for some years in practical operation in the island of Puerto Rico, and that the free black and the slave work together in the same field with the white man. It will also be ascertained, by a reference to my observations, that every species of tropical productions may be cultivated by free labour. It is my delight to indulge in prospective views of liberty and happiness for the unfortunate slaves; and I fondly anticipate that much good may ultimately be effected by their progressive emancipation.”

Respecting the society of the island, we shall quote a trait or two.

“Tradesmen and artisans generally marry and establish themselves permanently. This class of people, such as smiths, carpenters, coopers, &c., are sure of doing well, if they conduct themselves with propriety. I knew two blacksmiths who have made fortunes; and I know an Irish carpenter who, a few years ago, came to this island with only twenty dollars, and who in the space of five years has become possessed of property to the value of 20,000 dollars, which he acquired by a sedulous attention to his business: such is the rapid accumulation of capital by industry in these countries. The acquisition of property raises the blacksmith and the carpenter to a higher rank in society; they become landed proprietors, and consequently associate with the aristocracy, before whom they formerly bent with humility. Another class of men, who form a floating mass on the surface of society, are adventurers of all countries, gamblers, &c. Some of them purchase estates without a real—make a show of riches which they never possessed—blaze like a meteor for a moment—and then disappear for ever, leaving their creditors the dupes of their credulity. Beware, people of Puerto Rico, when you see a foreigner land on your

shores, grandly dressed, with his whole equipage under his arm, without a servant—introducing himself as a marquis, a baron, the son of a great banker, or a famous general—be sure, although he says he is merely travelling to observe men and things, he is only a sharper badly disguised, who comes with an intention of making your property his prey, and laughing at you for your folly. This happens every day. Other *chevaliers de l'industrie*, who do a great deal of harm, are the barbers of France and the colonies, who have the insolence to come to practise medicine, ignorant even of the first principles of the art. They generally announce themselves as physicians just arrived from Paris; and many valuable lives have been sacrificed to their empiricism and ignorance. These men are easily distinguished from those of real pretensions. The island is every where swarming with them.”

It would be well for the world if such visitors went no where else; and we trust we are not claiming too high a rank for our own London, when we challenge all the rest of the earth to produce so many foreign vagabonds, with more than aristocratic impudence, and more than Newgate swindling. Puerto Rico seems also to be as eminently blessed with black wolves of the law as other *el dorados*.

“In all the country towns there are a very mischievous set of men, called scribes (*plumetas*). They are not regular bred lawyers; they just know enough to be able to write a memorial, and to entangle the most simple case. They ruin many a poor and honest family by promoting lawsuits. They often defend both parties at the same time. They tell both parties that they are right—that they will both infallibly gain the suit; and the ignorant and credulous countrymen, led astray by the pompous names of justice, law, right, &c., are not undeceived until months have elapsed, until they have spent their last farthing, and are obliged perhaps to sell the only cow that gives milk to their children to pay these counterfeit lawyers their iniquitous exactions. How many unfortunate men have been condemned to drag a chain who have deserved it a thousand times less than these men, who, like a swarm of locusts, desolate the land where they alight!”

As some compensation for the neighbourhood of these harpy pests, “the women of Puerto Rico are generally of the middle size; they are elegantly and delicately formed; their waists are tapering and slender. Their pale complexion creates interest, which is heightened by the brilliancy of their fine black eyes. Their hair is black as jet; their eyebrows arched. They have, in a high degree, that seductive and elegant air which distinguishes the Cadiz ladies. They walk with the grace which is peculiar to the fair of Andalusia. Their manners are not only pleasing, but fascinating: without having the advantage of the brilliant education of the ladies of London or Paris, they are possessed of great natural vivacity, and an ease of manners which in England is only to be found in the best society. They converse with fluency, and their natural talent and wit supply the artificial aids of education. They are, on the whole, more interesting than beautiful, more amiable than accomplished. They dress with an elegance and taste which I have seldom seen surpassed; the Parisian fashions being invariably followed and imitated. The public balls are splendid. A stranger who should walk through the city in the day-time, or in the evening, meeting not with a single female except persons of colour, would be surprised at night to attend a public ball. His eyes

would be dazzled by an assemblage of Puerto Rico ladies; he would scarcely believe he was in that same capital where he could not find, during the whole day, the trace of a fair one. \* \* \* In the domestic circle they are affectionate wives, tender mothers, and attached and faithful friends. They are industrious, frugal, and economical, without meanness. They excel in horsemanship. In general they do not ride, as in Europe, on a saddle; a cushion is girded on the horse's back, and towards the neck two square baskets hang on either side. The lady sits on the cushion with her face to the horse's head, her feet hanging on each side of the neck: the baskets have handles to hold by, and also serve to carry clothes and provisions. This manner of riding, which is peculiar to the island, is very commodious, and well adapted to preserve the feet from damp. In this manner they travel over swamps and rivers without getting wet. This species of travelling is pleasant on pacing horses.”

Heaven be with them, baskets and all! “If a person wishes to conform to the rules of good society in Puerto Rico, it is absolutely necessary to have an almanac at the head of the bed, and to consult it every morning; for if the birth-day of a lady slips the memory, without your having paid a visit in all the forms of etiquette, or, if ill, sent a card, it is considered an unpardonable breach of politeness. It is a grave offence, not easily forgot or forgiven, and no excuse almost is admitted. On the morning of this auspicious day, the fair one who counts another year rises early, and puts on her best attire. At ten o'clock she takes her seat on the sofa, accompanied by a female relation or friend, and receives the homage of her relatives, friends, and acquaintance. Some pay the visit in person; others send their cards, which are received by a servant, and carefully placed in a glass shade. Verses, sweetmeats, and bouquets of flowers, are sent to the goddess—a turkey and a pig bleed as an oblation at the shrine of beauty—friends are invited to dinner—toasts go round in quick succession—wit is displayed by appropriate verses, and plaudits deafen the ears. All is conviviality—all is mirth and gaiety—and the festival is often concluded by a dance. Late at night the company retires; and then all the cards, which had been so carefully deposited, are called for; every name is read with scrupulous attention, every visit enumerated; and then wo to that friend or acquaintance who had neglected the ceremony of a visit on this sacred day! Their names are expunged from the list of friends; all intercourse ceases, and enmity often ensues—hence family disputes frequently originate. Stranger, on your arrival in Puerto Rico, if you visit the fair sex, your first care should be to purchase an almanac, and to read it, as you would your prayer-book, every morning: beware never to forget the birth-day of a lady!”

An anecdote in the note immediately following this (p. 85) is in the worst possible taste; and we wonder it could escape a polite pen, or a careful corrector of the press.

Without entering upon the important subject of slavery (but earnestly recommending the work to all who feel an interest in it), we conclude with a striking example of negro fidelity, at which tens of thousands of whites might blush.

“The fidelity evinced by the slaves, and their honesty, under most trying circumstances, have often formed a strange contrast with their state of bondage. My father-in-law,

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Don Francisco Aramburco, was one of the wealthiest landed proprietors and ship-owners in Caracas. In 1813, when the independent party drove the royalists out of the country, and were fast pressing on the capital, he had upwards of 200,000 dollars in silver, which in the confusion he could not carry with him; and there was no alternative between the money falling into the hands of the enemy or confiding it to his slaves. He had a coffee estate in the centre of an elevated ridge of mountains, five leagues from the city: thither was the money conveyed at night, under the care of two old black Africans, and buried in a room in the house. My father-in-law emigrated with his family to the island of Curaçao, in which I was in garrison. A year and a half afterwards, when the royal troops regained possession of the country, he returned, and found his money safe. In 1817, Don Francisco went to Spain, and carried with him the two faithful slaves, to whom he gave their liberty, and a reward. These men are now in Cadiz."

Upon West Indian subjects generally, slavery in the United States, the commerce of South America, the present state and prospects of Spain and her colonies, much information may be gathered from these pages; but, we repeat, their foremost charm is the proof they furnish that slavery may be safely and advantageously abolished by the well-regulated and gradual substitution of free labour; though it is not to be forgotten, that the larger proportion of free whites and mulattoes in the Spanish islands offered singular facilities for the auspicious experiment.

*Recollections of the Eighteenth Century, from 1710 to 1800. Translated from the French of the Marchioness de Créquy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834, Longman and Co.; Paris, English and American Library.*

This is one of those productions whose attractions are quite independent of their literary merit. Certainly we find nothing in these pages to justify Madame de Créquy's high reputation for talent: no shrewd observations, no lively portraits, no interest, but what the journal of any one must possess who sees much of society, and who sets down what they do see with tolerable accuracy. In such a narrative there will always be much to excite the curiosity; we like to know what has been doing before us; and private memoirs of the present stamp throw the most amusing, and often the truest, light on manners, customs, and individual character. Madame de Créquy appears to have been a sensible woman in the management of affairs, but full of prejudices, bigotted to the last degree, and almost oppressed with the dignity of the family to which she belonged. It is a most singular picture of the absurd pretensions of the old French noblesse. Fancy such a set of conclusions as those in the paragraph we are about to quote!

"The Normans are always actuated by a spirit of calculation and a love of gain, which renders them insupportable to me. They are to the east of France what the English are to all Europe. They may tell me what they please as to the benefits of negotiation and the genius of commerce—it is all most vile and base. I would rather, a hundred times, have pillage and destruction by violence and blindness, than sacrifice and preservation by a calculation of traffic and mercantile interest. I always told the good Monsieur Turgot, that Joseph sold by his brethren had been the first example and the model of all commercial transactions."

Our next extract tells of a robbery of the Cardinal de Gèvres by the celebrated Cartouche:

"He found, on looking over his account, that they had only robbed him of his cross, his pontifical ring, ten louis which he had in his purse, a redbreast-pie which he was carrying to his diocese, and two bottles of Tokay, which he had won at picquet with my uncle. It is proper to tell you that the Cardinal de Gèvres was a gourmand, and very scrupulous. He would never play for money, for fear of losing what he conscientiously called the money of the poor. He would neither buy fine wines nor forced fruits; but he never had object to win them at cards; so that he would play for a quart of hothouse peas, or for a bottle of wine from Sherry which cost twelve or fifteen louis. If he was unlucky, he got out of the scrape by giving a collection of his mandates and pastoral instructions, of which he always brought fifty copies to Paris, superbly bound, and lettered in gold: it was a point agreed on, and every one arranged it in those families forming my society, because that he was the most charitable and the most amiable of prelates. The robbers would not take any thing from the Abbot Cerutti, the cardinal's secretary, saying that he was too handsome to be robbed, that their conscience would not allow them to pilfer from him, and that they had not the courage to attack him. 'Since you have so much respect and civility,' replied his eminence, 'you ought to leave him half of that redbreast-pie, with a bottle of the Hungary wine.' 'Ah,' replied Cartouche, 'it only depends on himself; and if he will share them with us he has only to speak.' The Abbot Cerutti refused, and there were regrets, reproaches, and recriminations without end, and most laughable they were. The Cardinal de Gèvres told us that he would no longer travel with this young man, that he might not scandalise any one; as the thieves appeared to mistake him for a young lady in a surplice. 'Rash and ignorant wretch!' said the prelate to him, 'do you not know that it would be sacrilege?' and what induces you to take me for a debauchee?'.....Cartouche struck his comrade a blow in the face, which threw him backwards: 'That is to teach you to be wanting in respect to our dignitaries of the church!' said he, reddening with anger; 'See that madman who attacked the Bishop of Bourges! Do you not know that he will refuse his tithes if offended?' continued Cartouche, foaming with rage, and giving him terrible kicks on the body."

The visit to the Duchesse de la Ferté is equal to any scene in a comedy.

"She was placed on her state-bed, under a rich canopy, the balustrade of which was shut: she forgot to have the balustrade opened, and this was a want of civility that one might attribute to her absence of mind. As soon as she beheld us, she appeared wrapped in meditation. She was, at least, fifty years old, and was the most beautiful person imaginable; her sparkling black eyes had a little cast in them, and I never saw such disdainful and singular looks as she glanced around her; the complexion of her face and beautiful hands was pure ivory; she had a beautiful Grecian nose, which she never blew, but which she wiped with the most delicate care, in the finest cambric handkerchief. Her mob cap and her lace ruff were trimmed with little pearl-coloured satin bows; and she was lying under a coverlid of Venetian print. I am sure that the trimming on her sheets was worth at least forty thousand francs. Hardly were we seated before we heard the folding-doors of all the rooms open, with a great noise,

and we perceived a little figure brought in on a large green velvet arm-chair, bound with silver. It was a sort of living image, ridiculously painted like a Dutch toy, with a pursed up mouth, and two little languishing eyes. This odd figure was dressed in silver stuff, embroidered in green chenille, and it had a large bunch of lemon plant in its hand. The arm-chair was carried by four giants, dressed as footmen. It was surrounded by five or six little pages, the most beautiful children, and evidently children of distinction, for they all wore the Cross of Malta, or that of St. Lazare. One of these pages carried a cushion for the feet in green and silver; another had a large bunch of lemon plant and rue, to purify the air; the little figure was M<sup>onsieur</sup> François Potier de Blommestein de Tresme, Duc de Gèvres, and Governor of Paris. 'Why then is the duchess inclosed in her balustrade?' cried he in a squeaking voice, and without looking around him. 'It seems as if we were beggars, and that she would keep us at a distance,' continued he, with an air of malicious affectation. The Duchesse de la Ferté, who perceived the mistake she had made, and who was not sorry for an opportunity of giving M<sup>onsieur</sup> de Potier de Gèvres a little rebuff, said, with an air of resignation—'I hope that my cousins will be kind enough to excuse me; and I implore your mercy, M<sup>onsieur</sup> de Gèvres! You make me shudder, for I always fancy that I see you on the bench, looking like your grandfather, and that you are about to judge human fates.' The duke made no reply, but began to smell his bunch of aromatic herbs; then he asked who I was; and my grandmother, who was politeness itself, replied that I had the honour to belong to him, and that they had to congratulate me on that relationship, which compliment came in due time to throw water over the flames and embers of pride of our relations. In about twenty minutes they came to take away the Governor of Paris, who went as he came, with his tall footmen, his little pages, and his monkey tricks. Then a sort of sacristan came to tell the duchess, that her almoner was about to give the holy sacrament in her oratoire, and to ask if any one chose to be present at it. 'My dear princess, and you too, marquise, go and receive the benediction in my chapel,' said she, 'with these ladies, and particularly as I have something to say in private to M<sup>lle</sup>. de Froulay. My little dear,' said she, with an air of benevolence and interest, 'you have no idea how sincerely I am interested about you! Would you not like to eat some cakes?' And, saying this, she lifted up her coverlid, under which was a silver salver filled with sweet pastry. She handed us the cakes, and particularly counselled me never to remain sitting out of doors in the moonlight. 'There are fools,' said she, 'who think in seeing the stars shoot that they are souls going to God! but not at all—they are princes who are coming into the world, be assured of it, and never forget this, my dear child!'

A visit to Madame de Maintenon is worthy of selection.

"I was admitted another day to Madame de Maintenon, in her apartment at the palace at Versailles. She spoke very handsomely of the esteem she felt for our family; and when the hour for the king's arrival was ready to strike, my grandmamma rose to take leave of Madame (she was always addressed in the third person), and to conduct me to the apartments of my cousins, the Lorraines, where I was to take luncheon. 'Stay, marquise,' said Madame de Maintenon to her, without touching on the

subject of keeping me in the apartment where his majesty could not fail to notice me. The monarch arrived very soon after, without being announced otherwise than by the opening of both sides of all the folding-doors, and by the entrance of a gentleman who preceded his majesty, and who bowed profoundly to Madame de Maintenon, without speaking, as they did to announce to the king and queen that their table was served. Madame de Maintenon was five or six paces before his majesty, who appeared to walk with difficulty, and who, nevertheless, saluted Madame de Maintenon very gracefully. 'There,' said she to him, 'is a young lady whom I have taken the liberty of retaining here to present her to his majesty. It is not necessary to name her to him.' 'I think,' replied the king, 'that she is my god-daughter, and most welcome. There is a spiritual affinity between this young lady and myself; but we are otherwise related,' continued he, looking at me, as if to say, 'I congratulate you on it.' 'I request permission of his majesty, that you may be allowed the honour of kissing his majesty's hand,' said my grandmother, with an air of solicitude, but which, however, had nothing cringing or obsequious in it. The king held out his hand to me, with the palm downwards, as if he would offer it to me to kiss; but it was only to clasp mine, which he condescended to carry to his lips, and which he had afterwards the kindness, the requisite politeness, the gallantry (I cannot express the compliment), to let fall gently, and to retain in his, by my side, without speaking, to make me understand that he wished it to remain there."

The conclusion is exquisite; but it gives a striking idea of the exaggerated loyalty of the time; as the following does of a curious dress:

"I saw her with an old gown of striped velvet, which was fastened up in a kind of drapery, with butterflies in Dresden china; she also wore the same night a peculiar petticoat in cloth of silver, on which were five or six rows of stairs covered with musicians embroidered in relief, with their instruments, and their cheeks larger than plums."

What would Miss Edgeworth say to the system of education pursued with the little Monsieur le Vidame d'Amiens?

"He was awkward naturally, and from obstinacy, which distressed his tender mother; and one day, when he gave his aunt (the Marquise de Bellière Plessis) a box on the ear, she cried out impatiently, 'Always with the left hand!' This was all the notice she took of it to her sister-in-law. This little Vidame had taken such a dislike to his tutor, that the duchesse requested the tutor to pretend to permit his pupil to kill him:—he discharged a pistol without a ball at his breast. This silly and cowardly sycophant pretended to fall from the shot; and they took care to send him out of the way, after having settled an annuity of four hundred francs a-year on him in reward of so good an office."

A protégé of the Duc de Richelieu is thus described:—

"Anne Charlotte d'Aumont, Marquise de Créquy Blanchefort, was very amiable and graceful; and, in spite of her age, forty-seven, she had remained so beautiful, with so youthful an appearance, that all the most fashionable young men hovered about her fondly. There was among her servants a tall young man, who called himself a Provençal, whom she had taken on the recommendation of the Duc de Richelieu, who had written to her from the Bastille, on purpose to certify that he was a

servant for whom he would answer as for himself—this was the exact term he used. He was a Colossus, with green eyes and bright red hair. He was methodical, steady, and careful beyond measure. The Marquise de Créquy had just gone to bed; her waiting-woman had retired, and she was engaged in a pious lecture on the life of the saints. She heard a noise at her door, and saw this servant enter. She listened, notwithstanding her terror, to a declaration so insolent and appalling, that another woman would have shuddered with horror. He was armed with a poniard, which was not more encouraging than the rest. Madame de Créquy said gently to him, with playfulness, 'How have you conceived these ideas of violence? have you not perceived my kind intention towards you?—but who ever came into a lady's room in such a dress?—and what would not be said if you were met thus in the corridors? Go and change your linen, and do not forget to tie your hair. Do not forget, either,' added she coquettishly, 'to wash your hands!' Love is credulous, as you may perhaps experience. The lover went away precipitately, and she jumped to the bottom of her bed, to bolt all her doors, and to fasten herself in until the next morning. This protégé of the Duc de Richelieu did not appear again at the hotel d'Aumont; but think how much astonished Madame de Créquy must have been in seeing him, some time afterwards, in a fine carriage with the decorations of the order of Malta on it. He was an Italian signor, by name Comte Albani, who was the nephew to Clement XI.; but the Duc de Richelieu would not allow it. A lieutenant of the point of honour had been to interrogate him at the Bastille, and he had the audacity to write to the old Comte d'Aumont, that it must have been some mistake caused by an optical illusion, since the man whom he had recommended had just left the Comtesse d'Agenois; and that, up to this time, he had always been the most perfect servant; and, without doubt, he would have lost his head before he would fall in the respect he owed to the Marquise de Créquy. This did not prevent the Marquise d'Aumont, who was only sixteen years of age, from giving the Duc de Richelieu a sword-wound in the hip the day on which the duke left the prison. He nearly died from hemorrhage, and for some time it was imagined he would be always lame."

We shall reserve a few further extracts.

*Voyage of H. M. S. Chanticleer, made in the Years 1829, 30, and 31, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, under the command of the late Captain Henry Foster, R.N., F.R.S. By W. H. B. Webster, Surgeon of the Vessel. London, 1834. Bentley.*

[Second Notice.]

ON Good Friday, April 17th, the Adventure, Capt. King, broke in upon the solitude of the Chanticleer; and it may readily be conceived how welcome such an event would be. Abundance of provisions was not one of the least joyful consequences; for Mr. Webster says, very pathetically,—"the supplies which we obtained from Capt. King enabled Capt. Foster to take off the embargo which had long been laid on our appetites. None but those who have experienced it can tell the grievous calamity of the privation from food which we had endured in the cold and rigorous climate of the southern polar regions—a climate in which the human frame most needs support."

The Chanticleer soon after returned to the Cape of Good Hope, and performed the voyage

from Cape Horn, 4000 miles, in twenty-seven days. We have rather a longish history of the Cape of Good Hope; which has been very often and sufficiently described, except for the purpose of augmenting the size of a book. The following, however, may be quoted from the mass:—

"The Hottentots are said to be very bad servants, and much addicted to thieving: they are looked on at the Cape as a most inferior class of beings, and deficient in intellect. In the South African Museum of my kind and learned friend, Dr. Andrew Smith (who, as a comparative anatomist and a zoologist, was inferior to none but Cuvier himself), I was shewn a variety of stomachs from the different tribes of Indians. Dr. Smith used to say, that if he were shewn a perfect stomach, he could tell immediately the nation to which its owner had belonged. He was averse to shewing his collection to every one, because it led to the conclusion that there were different species of men; and from less distinctive marks in animals, without hesitation we stamp them as of different species. The fashion of attending to the internal structure of animals, as a guide for specific distinctions, is certainly an obscure mode of improving zoology. Besides, it is at variance with the established principles. 'Every organised individual,' says Cuvier, 'forms an entire system of its own, all the parts of which mutually correspond and concur to produce a certain definite purpose by reciprocal reaction, or by combining towards the same end. Hence, no modification can be effective in any one member of a series, without affecting all the others in a greater or less degree.' And it is on this principle that Cuvier has proceeded in his elaborate researches on organic remains—not that I am a believer in his *dicta* on these points; nor do I believe that he can reconstruct an extinct species from an entire skeleton, much less from a few fragments. But I think that the external marks and organs of the animal kingdom form as sure and as natural distinctive marks as their internal organisation, either whole or in part; for if the internal parts differ, so must the external in the same ratio. The Hottentot's stomach differs as much from ours as the Hottentot's head does from that of the European. Then, why should we infer the disparity of one organ and not the other? Is the Hottentot's stomach inferior to ours? Does it digest food less perfectly? Why should his head be esteemed so inferior? If the mind is the result of the senses, the Hottentot has the external senses in perfection. He sees further than the European by the force of habit. He has an excellent ear for music, and with it a melodious voice: at the Missionaries' Institution at Theophilus, the chorus of their soft voices is remarkably imposing. All his external perceptions are as acute as ours; not that they form the mind, which is an emanation divine and immaterial, old-fashioned and ridiculous as the assertion may appear."

Our author's opinion of other men's theories are, it must be owned, sometimes given in the tone of a superficial rather than of a philosophical observer. His doubts respecting Cuvier in the foregoing quotation are slightly expressed; and the following remark, among others, on the geology of the Cape is equally disagreeable from the same quality:—

"The Table Mountain has been visited by many persons of eminence, and given rise to ingenious speculations. Thus, Mr. Playfair, in the 'Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions for 1813,' believes the sandstone of the Table has been a quiescent submarine deposit, which has

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been elevated to its present level by the granite in a state of fusion. Mr. Clarke Abel, who visited the Cape, was struck with Table Mountain, and says that Professor Playfair's theory is incontestable. He argues that the lower rocks, being of igneous origin, shoot up in vertical veins into the superincumbent horizontal strata of the sandstone, which is of water formation. I see no reason for any such apparently recondit deductions from vague hypotheses. We know nothing about the matter."

"We know nothing about the matter" had been better written "I know nothing about the matter." We copy a few other passages, and, to spare comment, mark the inducement occasionally in *italics*: the style is ambitious, as throughout the work:—

"The Cape is a well-stored menagerie, abounding with wild and ferocious animals. The monarch of the desert, the lion, makes the plains resound with his deep, tremulous, and awful roar, and springs from his lair on the unwary traveller. Tigers and hyenas prowl about; and the wolf, or *hyæna villosa*, makes sad havoc in the farms. This creature lurks about the kraal, and warns the inmates of the farm that he is near by his hideous howl. He is a timid animal, will run away from a boy who may have the courage to face him, and has an ill-looking grinning countenance. \* \* \*

"The large white pelican parades about the beach at Cape Town, generally near the fish-stalls. Frequently he takes his flight over the bay and fishes for himself. Sometimes he is fed with corn, which, however, is not exactly to his taste, and he has recourse to a *capital artifice* to get what he likes better than such hard stuff. He carefully gathers up all the corn that is given him and carries it off in his pouch, till he meets with a brood of chickens in his walks. On seeing them, he most sagaciously scatters the corn about, and by pecking it up in his clumsy fashion here and there, attracts the attention of the unwary chicks. These immediately hasten to join him in his meal, being quite ready for such good fare. When he sees them all busily employed in picking it up, he watches his opportunity and snaps up the first he can get hold of. Away he flies with the poor chick to make a meal of him instead of the corn."

The pelican's corn-ucopia is a grand ruse.

"The fishermen of Cape Town adopt a curious practice, which I have not seen used any where else. They invariably smear their nets with blood, which is allowed to dry on them, and they consider that this entices the fish and thereby ensures them a better haul. When a cod-fish is drawn up from thirty or forty fathoms he is frequently blown, a term which signifies that a portion of the bladder protrudes from the mouth. This is the effect of diminished pressure, whereby the air in the bladder expands and forces it out at the mouth, and shews the depth that the fish generally inhabits. In the case of the cod, even if he gets off the hook in this condition, he cannot go down, because the expanded bladder floats him."

Mr. Webster's notices on climate, temperature, meteorology, and other scientific subjects which came under his own observation, are deserving of attention, but too diffuse to be discussed here; and we shall, therefore, abandon the Hope with him, on the 11th of December, and proceed to St. Helena. St. Helena, like the Cape, is too familiarly known to tempt us into extracts from the author's details respecting it: we rather prefer a piece of natural history, and the explanation of a curious prejudice respecting a favourite sauce—soy.

"Wild cats and rabbits are the only native quadrupeds of the island. The silk spider of St. Helena is very handsomely marked and banded. It spreads its web in the warm valleys, and the fibres of the cocoon are so strong as readily to admit of being spun: indeed they might be used as a substitute for silk. Reaumur, without any difficulty, might have made a pair of gloves from spiders' bags for the Queen of France, but not from their web; for it appears to be the natural silkworm of St. Helena. Cockroaches, those nuisances to ships, are plentiful at St. Helena; and yet, bad as they are, they are more endurable than bugs. Previous to our arrival here in the Chanticleer, we had suffered great inconvenience from the latter; but the cockroaches no sooner made their appearance than the others entirely disappeared. The fact is that the cockroach preys on them, and leaves no signs or vestige of where they have been; so far it is a most valuable insect. This creature attains a size of two inches in length sometimes, and at night makes as much noise in rustling among papers as mice will do. They are fond of horny substances, and will destroy the bills and toes of birds that are intended to be preserved; they will even attack the toe-nails of persons in their sleep, thus causing them a very painful sensation. A good way of entrapping them is placing a basin of water in their way; they are soon drowned in it. The cockroach lays a brown, oblong egg, which the female carries at her tail, till she finds a secure place to which she can attach it, and this she does by a kind of cement. They have several egg-bags, and I believe, from repeated observations, that they begin to lay early and have more than one brood or progeny at different times. Cockroaches cast their skin. Sailors have a notion that soy is made from cockroaches, because the Chinese at Canton have a large soy manufactory, and they are particularly solicitous to obtain cockroaches from ships, from which circumstance sailors immediately conclude that it is for the purpose of making soy from them. Captain William Owen, an officer of the navy, well known for his scientific attainments, states that the Chinese use cockroaches as bait in their fishing excursions, and that they answer the purpose admirably. I was also informed by him that the infusion of cockroaches is a most powerful antispasmodic, and is useful in tetanus; and that his surgeon in the Eden, Dr. Birnie, had used it with beneficial effect. I am aware that in some warm climates this infusion has been used with advantage; but Dr. Hall has tried it at Maranham, in a case of tetanus, without any beneficial result. At Bermuda it is used as an antispasmodic in the whooping cough, with reputed benefit. Having, therefore, the direct testimony of Captain Owen, I always kept some strong tincture of cockroaches by me in those climates where tetanus is of common occurrence. Happily, however, I had no cause for trying its effects. In the course of my experiments on the infusion of the cockroach, I could not but notice that common salt and water saturated with the juices of the cockroach had all the odour and some of the flavour and qualities of soy; so that Jack's notion, after all, may not be far from the truth."

From St. Helena the Chanticleer, Feb. 10th, went to Ascension, in company with the Eden, which had arrived from Fernando Po, having lost 100 of her men from the fatal fever of Africa.\* So ends volume the first.

\* "The Hecla (says our author) also arrived from the coast of Africa. The Eden had lately suffered severely, having lost a hundred men from the effects of fever:

We add here an account of the sea-elephant, as a pendant to that of the seals in our last, to which, by the by, a curious reference is made in a note below."

"I will now attempt to give a description of the sea-elephant, an animal of which the public in general have a very imperfect idea. The male of this species has a cartilaginous substance projecting forward from the nose, six or seven inches in length; and from this peculiarity has the animal derived its name, as its purpose seems to be similar to that of an elephant's proboscis. I have seen the male sea-elephant more than twenty-five feet in length, and measuring about sixteen feet round the body; whereas the female is never half that size, and in form resembles the hair-seal, which does not materially differ from the fur animal in shape, &c. The male sea-elephant comes on shore the latter end of August; the female late in September, or about the first of October; her purpose, of course, to be delivered of a present burden. When the males first come on shore, they are so excessively fat, that I have seen two from which might be produced a tun of oil; but after a residence of three months on the land without food, they become, as might be expected, very lean and emaciated. About the middle of December, their young being old enough to take the water, the whole breeding

the Hecla had also lost her captain, Commander T. Boteler, and so many of her officers and crew that she was almost unmanned. A more wretched spectacle could not be imagined than this ship presented on her arrival at St. Helena. She was literally a floating sepulchre from the dreadful effects of the African climate."

\* A Correspondent has called our attention to the fact, that some of the most curious and interesting parts of the description of the seal, as quoted from a Captain Morell by Mr. Webster, although it is alleged by the writer that he never saw them in print, are taken in substance, and in several passages *verbatim*, (making at the same time the blunder of confounding the sea-elephant with the seal,) from "Weddell's Voyage towards the South Pole." In support of this statement, our correspondent has sent us the subjoined quotations from Weddell, which, when compared with our quotations from Morell, certainly bear him out in his charge.

In speaking of the sea-elephant, Capt. Weddell says,— "If the skull be indented in the killing of a female with young, the indentation is also found upon the skull of the young. This sympathy, which has been denied with regard to the human species by some physiologists, evidently exists in the economy of this animal."

With reference to the fur-seal, Capt. Weddell observes, "Nothing in this class of animals is more astonishing than the disproportion in the size of the male and female. A large grown male, from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail, is six feet nine inches, whilst the female is not more than three feet and a half. This class of males is not, however, the most numerous; but being physically the most powerful, they keep in their possession all the females, to the exclusion of the younger branches; hence, at the time of parturition, the males attending the females may be computed to be as one to twenty, which shews this to be, perhaps, the most polygamous of large animals. They are in their nature completely gregarious; but they flock together and assemble on the coast at different periods, and in distinct classes. The males of the larger size go on shore about the middle of November, to wait the arrival of the females, which of necessity must soon follow, for the purpose of bringing forth their young. These, in the early part of December, begin to land; and they are no sooner out of the water than they are taken possession of by the males, who have many serious battles with each other in procuring their respective seraglios; and, by a peculiar instinct, they carefully protect the females under their charge during the whole period of gestation. By the end of December, all the female seals have accomplished the purpose of their landing."

"Their senses of smell and hearing are acute, and in instinct they are little inferior to the dog; that is, I judge their sagacity in the water much exceeds that which they exhibit on the shore; for though they are fitted to remain a certain time on land, their natural element is the water. In proof of their docility, I may mention that I have reared several young ones from three or four weeks old to the age of two months, [this is a remarkable plagiarism of the very personal doings of another man], which were so tame as to eat out of the hand with considerable fondness; but, by some accident, they were allowed to fall or walk overboard. These fur-seals may be distinguished from the hair-seals of this hemisphere by their being rather of a smaller size, and having the nose smaller and more pointed. In swimming they have a jumping motion, like that of the porpoise."



herd leave the shore, to follow where instinct leads among the hidden recesses of the deep. About the first of January the brood of the previous year come on shore to renew their quats; and in the middle of February the full-grown males and females do the same; and by the first of May they have all disappeared, both old and young. From the fact of these animals living so long on shore without food, I should infer that they can derive sustenance by absorption during this period—consuming the substance of their own bodies. Hence their extreme emaciation at the time they return to the ocean. There is a striking contrast between their clumsy, sluggish motions on land, and their agility and sagacity in the water. Unlike the fur-seal, the sea-elephant seldom runs or fights; but when the club is aimed at his skull, or the lance at his heart, he merely raises a supplicating look to his murderer, while the tears overflow from his eyes, and then awaits the death-stroke with martyr-like composure. But were he conscious of his own powers, or were his courage equal to them, the assailant would probably get the worst of the bargain. Unwieldy as his form appears, should he rush forward, and compel his enemy to come to close quarters, human skill could avail little against the astonishing power of his jaws, which in the agonies of death will literally grind the hardest stones to powder between his teeth. It is a remarkable fact, that the sea-elephant has never been seen in the water by any navigator more than thirty rods from the shore. I have seen them come up to take breath within half a cable's length of the beach; but even then they only allowed about half an inch of their nose to come above water."

*Lectures on the Ordinary Agents of Life, as applicable to Therapeutics and Hygiene; or, the Uses of the Atmosphere, Habitations, Baths, Clothing, Climate, Exercise, Foods, Drinks, &c. in the Treatment and Prevention of Disease.* By Alexander Kilgour, M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 359. Edinburgh, 1834, Black; London, Longman and Co.

WITHOUT much originality, Dr. Kilgour has produced an amusing, if not a very instructive work. His style is quaint,\* with frequent attempts at humour. The following is a specimen—our author is speaking of dress:—

"Dr. Willich, in his book on 'Diet and Regimen,' is a great enemy to tight dressing, and he ascribes a long list of disorders to this cause. He brings forward, in support of his opinions, a whole regiment of soldiers, who were more cut up by their colonel's admiration for stocks, tight waistbands, and garters, than by the play of the enemy's batteries. On the subject of breeches, the doctor is particularly eloquent, and hauls forward a German, who appears to have considered this article of clothing as one of supererogation, and from having, perhaps, lost his breeches, metaphorically speaking, wrote a whole book to prove that the garment is entirely useless. 'Many of the remarks already suggested,' says Willich, 'respecting the form and substance of other parts of dress are likewise applicable to the article of breeches. Yet the ingenious observations lately published on this subject by Dr. Faust, an eminent physician in Germany, are by no means so conclusive as to induce us to abandon an article of dress, not only rendered necessary by the laws of decorum, but which, when properly constructed, is even of considerable service. Good heavens! give up our breeches! No, neither for Dr.

Faust, nor the still greater Mephistopheles; neither for Faust the disciple of the Devil, nor this Faust the disciple of Folly. 'Tight and contracting leather breeches, purposely contrived to display an elegant shape of the limbs, are extremely inconvenient, occasion numbness and chilliness all over the hip and thigh, and a painful pressure,' &c. &c. On the subject of shoes, Dr. Willich is equally minute; and here he gets hold of a Low German, the celebrated anatomist Camper, who, admiring the profession of King Crispin, wrote 'a particular book,' as Willich calls it, on the proper form and size of shoes. One improvement, which Dr. Willich takes the merit of, is the introducing the shoes made to the shape of each foot,—a little bit of mistake, by the by, this assumption on his part. Yet there can be no doubt that much mischief and disease are occasioned by tight dressing. Formerly children were tied up like a hard bundle, as if Nature had sent them into the world like a collection of loose threads; as if she had slung the parts of the human frame slackly together, and intended that the midwife should bouse all tight. 'But now to tell,' says Baynard, 'how many children have been destroyed by swathing and rowling, is a black scene. Hence most diseases of the chest and lungs, asthmas, short breathings, consumptions, and all the coughing tribe. Hence crooked backs, buckle hams, baker knees, &c. Observe a child when it is loose and unrowled, before the nurse puts it to bed, how it plays with its little hands and legs, and is so pleased; and how sour and froward when it is buckled up for a whole night's pain and torment! We have fortunately got nearly rid of all this. Protection is now given to the infant whilst it is without the aid of a glimmering of reason; but no sooner does it begin to shew symptoms of being able to judge for itself, no sooner does it begin to enjoy and make use of its muscles for its own benefit, than art is substituted for nature, and support tendered where artificial support is not required. Fortunately for themselves, boys are left to chance and nature; but there is one part of a female's dress which it is necessary to notice at some length, from its influence in begetting or keeping up disease, viz. stays. Dr. Fothergill has loudly anathematised tight stocks as the cause of apoplexy; but no part of dress has so often been called in question as the cause of disease, as tightly-laced stays."

The present work is commendable, as going somewhat to supply a desideratum in our medical literature. No one can deny the importance of the subject; and in these days of refinement in fashion and cookery, it is worth something to have a little sound advice as to what we should eat, and what we should drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed. The attempts hitherto made have been lame indeed; and, with all deference to Dr. Kilgour, although his work will be found on the main of considerable use, we yet do not think that he has quite filled up the lacuna.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Life of the Emperor Napoleon, &c., Vol. I.,* by H. Lee. 8vo. pp. 536. (London, Boone; Paris, Galligani.)—A new Life of Napoleon appears to the writer to have been demanded by existing misrepresentations of his acts and character, and some of them resting on high literary authorities. The body of this volume (285 pages) which does not come lower down than May 1795, is highly paucigical of its hero; but the principal feature is an Appendix, applied to the refutation of many points in Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Bonaparte*, and also of errors imputed to other writers. A controversy of this sort requires much more consideration and reference than we, at least at present, have time to bestow upon it; and therefore we shall now simply announce that Mr. Lee is overflying

with predilections on the side of the great warrior whose cause he espouses. In short, the work is a paucigical Napoleon, replete with strong assertions, some very illogical reasoning, and no small share of abuse of those from whom the writer differs. Still, as truth is best elicited from conflicting opinions, both historical and political use may be made of this publication. The style is very Frenchified: it is pity it had not been revised by an able English reader.

*English Prisoners in France; containing Observations on their Manners and Habits, principally with reference to their Religious State, &c.* by the Rev. R. B. Wolfe, Chaplain. 8vo. pp. 164. (London, 1830, Hatchard and Son.)—Having the date of 1830 on its title-page, and referring to our countrymen imprisoned at Verdun, &c. for nine years previous to 1815, except what regards the author's permanent views of religion, there can be little of interest in this volume—which we are rather surprised at having received at so late an hour. Mr. Wolfe belongs to the highest school of evangelism, and seems to have devoted himself with sincere piety to the discharge of his clerical duties in France. Among his other anecdotes of the cruelties practised upon English *détenués*, he states that, during their march to their destination, three gentlemen were thrown into a dungeon for the night with a ferocious dog, and told if they lay quiet on their straw he would not hurt them, but would seize them if they attempted to stir!

Dr. T. Cutler on *Dressing and Bandaging*, with 93 illustrative Cuts, &c. Pp. 195. (London, Taylor.)—A very plain explanation, in every respect, of processes most necessary in surgical practice: as a book of direction and instruction, of much value to the student, and perhaps to the less informed practitioners who have not had the experience of crowded hospitals—to the general world, a volume as disagreeable as useful. It is curious enough, in the pun-loving world, that while another of our pages alludes to a *Doctor Kill-goer*, we have here a *surgeon a Cutler*, who publishes a book with nearly a hundred cuts.

*The Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye*, by James Wardrop, Surgeon to the late King; illustrated by coloured Plates. 2d Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. (London, 1834, Churchill.)—The author of the work before us is well known in the medical world, as one of those who first laboured to introduce into this country a philosophical basis for the study of medicine. This was first attempted in the description and delineation of the diseases of that most complex organ, the eye, when they were brought into the immediate relation which they bore to the structures and textures affected. Applying these principles of investigation and dissection to the various parts of the animal economy, and assisted in their researches by the perfection which has, within these few years, been given to general anatomy by the labours of continental inquirers, the author drew up, for the Supplement of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' an analysis of diseases viewed in relation to structure, constituting a pathology of medicine which, it is curious to reflect, has never met with that development in this country of which it at once suggests the capabilities. In reference to the more elaborate and finished performance on the eye, Mr. W., it appears, has hitherto delayed the appearance of a second edition from the difficulty of getting the plates sufficiently coloured; though, even now, after his long and extensive practical experience, he states that researches in this interesting department of pathology have not contributed any additional facts to render any alteration in his work advisable. As a most philosophical and scientific treatise on the eye, we at once recommend these volumes.

*The Anatomy of the Seasons: Weather Guide-Book and Perpetual Companion to the Almanac*, by P. Murphy, Esq. 8vo. pp. 381. (London, Baillière and Co.)—This work purports to contain many most important astronomical and other discoveries, into which we have given ourselves the trouble of looking. It appears that the author lays claim to the discovery of a first cause, which he considers to be physical, and to be reflective action. In the first of these opinions he supposes himself to be upheld by Newton, when that immortal man says distinctly, "deduce causes from effects till we come to the very first cause, which certainly is not mechanical." When Descartes argued against that part of the Berkeleyian philosophy which entailed a doubt of one's own existence, he said, *Ego credo sum, ergo sum*; but his antagonists replied that this admitted a thinking principle, and was, therefore, a *petitio principii*. With how much greater severity of reason might we say that reflective action argues the existence of a reflecting cause! The author communicated the results of his ideal and imaginary conceptions to the Astronomical and other Societies; and the communication having been referred to a committee, was, in the first case, returned without a perusal, and met with a somewhat similar fate at other Institutions. He has now ventured to encounter the opinions of critics and the world; and, for our part, without wasting time or space upon the discussion, we can, in a summary manner, say, that the premises are in every respect unphilosophical, and the deductions most absurd.

*The Act, &c. of the Laws relating to the Poor, with explanatory Notes and a Copious Index*, by J. T. Pratt. 8vo. pp. 104. (London, Fellowes.)—This is a second edition of a most useful publication to all who really wish to understand the objects, scope, meaning, and powers of the new law for regulating the relations between rich and poor. It is a subject of vast and vital importance; and the experimenter now in the course of being tried, one of such prodigious interest, whether looked at through the judicious eye of the feeling, or the almost shrink from its contemplation. Of three things we think we are

\* Ditto his name—Kill-goer—for a doctor?—Printer's Imp.

rather firmly convinced; and they are the following: 1, that no legislation could be worse than the poor laws as they were; 2, that no human being able and willing to labour ought to be unable to obtain wholesome food and lowly comfort from his toil; and, 3, that unprovided age and misfortune have as strong a right to subsistence and non-degrading succour. Without setting up for state quacks, in a condition of society so complicated as ours, we are bold to say, that when we see parochial disputes and legal expenditure eat deeply into our first—the number of hundreds of thousands illustrate our second—and harsh and cruel dealing deform our third position, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion of gross mis-government. May the new act amend what is wrong, and what is found wrong in its practical operation be amended! The present exposition of it is calculated to help both results.

The *Christian Keperke*, 1835, edited by the Rev. W. Ellis. 12mo. (London, Fisher and Co.; Longman and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall; Whittaker and Co.)—We have received this volume too late in the week to do more than commend its general appearance; and say that its contents are various, and of a decidedly religious character. Next week we hope to refer to some missionary accounts, apparently of much interest.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN ASIA.

Orenburg, August 15.

We have at present here a physician of the name of John Martin Hönigberger, a native of Kronstadt, Transylvania, whose travels and adventures are remarkable. He is about forty, and has been partly resident, partly travelling, chiefly in Asia, for nearly twenty years. In 1815 he left his native place, where he was an apothecary, to visit the wonders of the East, and to improve his health in a warmer climate. By Constantinople and Syria he went to Egypt, where he obtained employment as an apothecary in the service of Mehemet Ali. After he had passed a year at Cairo, the plague broke out, which induced him to return to Syria, where he practised seven years as a physician in the towns on the coast, and in the service of different petty princes. Having again visited Alexandria on private business, he undertook, in company with a Dutchman named Henry de Turck, to travel direct from Damascus across the desert to Bagdad. But the travellers did not meet with any opportunity of employing their talents to account, either at Bagdad, or in Bassorah, Bushire, Shiraz, or Isfahan. They intended to proceed from the latter city to India; but the war between Russia and Persia prevented the execution of this project, and they were even in danger of their lives. They therefore returned, by way of Kermanshah, to Bagdad. From that place Turck came back to Europe; but Hönigberger, not yet tired of his wanderings, went to Bassorah, where he embarked for Muscat, whence he proceeded, by way of Hyderabad and Moul-tan, to Lahore, the capital of the celebrated Runjeet Sing, where he found two Frenchmen, Messrs. Allard and Court, and two Italians, Messrs. Ventura and Avitabile, in the service of that prince. As Hönigberger had recommendations from Bagdad to these gentlemen, he entered into the same service, after concluding a contract with the sovereign, which contained the following conditions:—1. he was to manufacture good gunpowder; 2. he was to distil a good spirit from grapes; and 3. he was to cure the prince's son, who was afflicted with a bad fistula. He fulfilled the first two conditions, but not the third, the prince refusing to undergo the operation; and his highness, having gone a year ago as viceroy to Cashmere, Hönigberger, who in five years had obtained sufficient wealth to enable him to live at his ease in Europe, resolved to take that opportunity of quitting Runjeet Sing, and returning home. Prevented from going down the Indus, and thence by sea, by the troubles then prevailing in the country of the Afghans, he directed his steps towards the north, and went

first to Cabul, where he lived half a year as agent of a brother of the king. He then went to Balkh and Bokhara, and with a caravan to Orenburg, whence he means to go by way of Kasan and Nishny Novogrod to St. Petersburg, and by way of Moscow to his own country. He performed the whole journey as a European. The greatest danger that he incurred was between Cabul and Bokhara, and in that latter city itself. At Cabul he excavated some ancient Greek tombs, and found many remarkable things, which he incautiously carried with him, and had nearly lost his life in consequence. He speaks eleven languages fluently, viz. German, French, Italian, English, Moldavian, Turkish, Modern Greek, Arabic, Persian, Indian, and Tartarian. His accounts of Runjeet Sing are worthy of notice. This prince, as is well known, has made himself master of the whole Punjab. The Europeans are highly esteemed by him; the two French and two Italian gentlemen above mentioned are the chief commanders of his army. Allard and Ventura entered his service fourteen years ago, at a very critical conjuncture, when his army had been almost entirely destroyed by the Afghans, and he had only two battalions left. With this small remnant, the two European officers not only defeated the Afghans, and secured the prince in his possessions, but reduced all the petty princes of the Punjab under his power. Allard was an officer of cavalry under Napoleon; he is called by the natives Whitebeard, on account of his great age and his snow-white beard. He and Ventura receive from the sovereign of Lahore a salary of 8000 ducats: Ventura is, besides, governor of the province of Deragasi-chan, near Moul-tan. Runjeet Sing had the intention of making Allard viceroy of Cashmeer, but he was afraid he might declare himself independent, as the only entrance into Cashmeer is by a pass which 1000 men might defend against 100,000; and so he sent his son, a weak prince, to that province. Avitabile and Court have each 6000 ducats salary; the former is also governor of Wesirabad, the finest city in the Punjab, and of the province of the same name. He is a Neapolitan, and was a subaltern officer, or, as some say, a private, under Napoleon. Court, on the contrary, is said to have received his military education with Napoleon. After the death of Runjeet Sing, his whole kingdom will probably fall into the hands of the English; all the subordinate princes have already concluded secret treaties with them to that effect. Runjeet is blind of one eye, and his personal appearance mean; but he is extremely brave, and possesses, in the highest degree, the Oriental shrewdness. His son may be considered as null after his father's death; and the old prince is very sensible that his work will then fall to pieces. All his care now is to keep it together during his life.\*

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Fourth Meeting, Edinburgh: Journal.  
No. VII.

MR. GRAHAM DALZIEL read a very valuable memoir on the propagation of Scottish zoophytes, of which the subjoined is a very short abstract, for which we are indebted to professor Jameson.

"All the following animal products are

\* Later accounts mention the traveller as being at St. Petersburg, Oct. 10, and about to proceed homeward to arrange his materials, and publish the narrative of his adventures and observations; which, as well as this sketch, will be the more interesting to English readers from their coincidence with the recent travels of Lieut. Burnes.

aquatic, and, excepting the last, inhabit the sea. Those less conversant with their formation may be referred to the general aspect of the *Actinia* now ranked among the *Radiata*; and to the *Hydra*, as consisting of a soft fleshy body with a dilatible month and stomach in the centre, surrounded by tentacula serving the office of fingers or hands. 1. A specimen of the *Actinia equina*, preserved by me, produced above 276 young in six years. The embryos are first exhibited to the observer in the tips of the tentacula, whence they can be withdrawn and returned, and are finally produced by the mouth, during great compression of the parent. A tip with its embryo having been amputated, the latter began to breed in fourteen months, and survived five years. The actinia is erroneously defined in the *Systema Naturæ*, as having only one aperture. Streams may be seen spouting from the tentacula of the *Crassicornis*, and each of the thirty or forty tubercles of the equina open to discharge purple flakes after feeding. 2. The *Hydra tuba*, or trumpet polypus, a new Scottish species, is the largest of the *Hydra* proper, extending about two inches in whole, with its long white tentacula waving like a beautiful silken pencil in the water. It propagates by an external shapeless bud issuing from the side of the parent, and withdrawing, though very long connected by a ligament, on approaching maturity. In thirteen months a single specimen had eighty-three descendants. Singular and distorted forms appear, from the successive and irregular evolution of the buds, during subsistence of the connecting ligament. Observations were protracted during five years on the same group and the young. 3. The *Tubularia indivisa* is rooted to rocks and shells, by a stalk above a foot high, crowned with a scarlet head, resembling a beautiful flower, with numerous external and central tentacula. Splendid groups occur of fifty or even of one hundred specimens. The ovum of this product, consisting of several clusters like bunches of grapes, is borne externally on the head, from whence the ovum, or advancing embryo, separates and falls to be developed below. Prominences soon indicate the evolution of tentacula, then with enlarged instead of acute extremities as in adults; as they extend, the nascent animal, elevating itself on them as on so many feet, but with the body inverted, enjoys the faculty of locomotion. Apparently selecting a site, it reverses itself to the natural position with the tentacula upwards, and is then rooted permanently by a prominence, which is the incipient stalk, originating from the under part of the head. Gradual elongation of the stalk afterwards continues to raise the head, and the formation of the zoophyte is perfected. It is obvious, therefore, that this product is primarily of animal nature exclusively. 4. The finest specimens of *Sertularia* resemble luxuriant shrubs in miniature, with stems, boughs, branches, and twigs, with thousands of cells and their polypi. One species, however, provisionally designed *Sertularia uber*, rises towards three feet high from the root, thus infinitely exceeding the dimensions hitherto ascribed to the sertularie. Certain specimens of this, and various others, bear vesicles, or small vascular bodies, three or four times the size of the cells, containing white, pink, green, or yellow corpuscula, of a spherical form, in their earlier stages. All preceding naturalists have conceived the vesicle, the ovum, and these spherules, the ova whereby sertularie are propagated. But a long series of observations, greatly diversified, and con-

tinued throughout many successive years, has not led to this immediate result. The vesicle contains from one to thirty corpuscula, according to species, which are spherical on the earliest recognition, through the refining transparency of its sides. Their shape alters on approaching maturity; it elongates, becomes elliptical, next prismatic, and at length each corpusculum issues as a perfect animal from the orifice of the vesicle. Now, in figure and in motion, together with the exhibition of certain peculiarities, it bears much resemblance to the planaria. The colours are the same as were exposed by the transparency of the vesicle, which remains empty; the dimensions of none exceed a line in length. These animals may constitute a new genus, to be provisionally denominated *Planula*. Eight or ten species of *serulariæ* have afforded them; nor has any thing else been obtained from the vesicle. The animal crawls very actively at first; but in some days its motion relaxes, it becomes stationary, contracts, and dies, though without speedy decomposition, as is incident to the planaria. Shortly afterwards, if many white or yellow planulæ occupied a vessel, a number of white or yellow spots, circular or spherical segments, and of about what might be grossly computed of equal superficial area to planulæ, may be discovered in nearly the same place. Next, the summit of the segment rises in an obtuse spinous prolongation, which, swelling into a cell as it advances, soon displays a living polypus in full vigour. Other cells are formed by further extension of the stalk, and by the divergence of the buds which constitute them, to right and left. Meantime the original spot breaks into divisions like radicles; it is gradually attenuated, and at last disappears. The first animal is quite as large as any of those succeeding it in the growing product; but probably the figure of later cells of some species undergo modifications. Plantations of hundreds of *serulariæ* may be easily obtained. According as the dying planula is white or yellow, so is the circular root invariably white or yellow. Although some important obscurities remain for elucidation, I have been hitherto unable to recognise any other elements of the nascent *serularia*. 5. The *Flustra carbasæ* resembles a leaf divided into subordinate parts, one of the surfaces being studded with cells, and the other exhibiting elevations or convexities corresponding to their bottom; and the whole product is of a yellowish colour. Each cell, of a shuttle or slipper shape, level with the surface of the leaf, is inhabited by a vivacious polypus, exercising a percussive faculty both of the tentacula individually and of the whole head. Some of the cells are occupied occasionally by large, bright yellow, irregularly globular, solid ciliated animalcula, subsequently quitting them to swim heavily below. In several days they become motionless like the former, and die also without immediate decomposition. Next, there appears in just about the same spot below, occupied by the motionless animalcula, a yellow nucleus with a lighter diffusing margin. This, in its farther diffusion, assumes a shuttle or slipper form; it becomes a single cell, which afterwards displays a polypus under the wanted figure and action. The adult *flustra* was vertical, for the leaf is always erect, but here the new cell is horizontal. By a singular provision of nature, as only one side of the adult is cellular, the original cell is necessarily a root, sole, or foundation, to admit subsequent enlargement, which, in such zoophytes is always from a single cell. One end of the cell next rises vertically, wherein a

second cell with its polypus is soon displayed overhanging the first, and at right angles to the plane of its position. But, as if the purposes exacted by the existence of the latter were now fulfilled, it dies while the existence of the second has scarcely attained maturity, and as a third cell, beside the second, is forming for a basis to further increment. All the preceding inhabit the sea, and propagate, though solitary. 6. The *Cristatella mirabilis*, an inhabitant of the fresh-waters of Scotland, is the most remarkable of polypiferous products, and perhaps it should constitute the type of a distinct genus. Specimens are of a longer or shorter oval figure, flattened, extending from six to twenty-four lines in length, by two or three in breadth, and resembling the external section of an ellipsoid. The whole of the under and the middle of the upper surfaces are smooth, the latter environed by a triple row of 100, 200, or 300 polypi, rising from within the margin. This product is of a fine green colour, and soft fleshy consistence. Each polypus, though an integral portion of the common mass, and incorporated with it, is a distinct animal, endowed of itself with individual sensation and action. It consists of a fleshy stem issuing from the mass, crowned by a head like a horse-shoe, which is bordered by about 100 tentacula. Floating particles attracted by the mouth are conveyed into the stomach and intestinal organ, which are exposed within the body. The common mass enjoys the faculty of very slow locomotion, either extremity indifferently being in advance; and thus are 300 animals, or more, subjected to its volition, by bearing along the whole in progression. On dividing a specimen asunder, each portion recedes, as if by mutual consent. Twenty, thirty, or more, lenticular substances, imbedded in the flesh, are exposed through the translucent green of the animal, which may escape while it is vigorous, but which are liberated to float on the water toward the end of autumn by its decay and decomposition. These are ova with a hard shell and yellowish fluid contents. Their surface is brown, and the circumference yellow, begirt by a row of projecting double hooks. In five or six months, one side of the liberated substance gapes as an oyster-shell to protrude an originating polypus, which, by a remarkable provision of nature, floats with the head downwards, for absorbing the aliment below. When it is enabled to affix itself on quitting the egg, a second polypus appears beside the first, then a third, and thus of others, while the common base remains disproportionately large. Perhaps the earlier perfect formation is as a row of polypi around the smooth fleshy centre. Breadth seems diminished in proportion to the length of a specimen. Thus it appears that the most luxuriant zoophyte—one composed of a thousand animals—originates by a single polypus only; and that the earliest recognition of its elements is as a circular spot or spherical segment. Awaiting some future opportunity of illustrating the mode of increment peculiar to zoophytes, I shall only observe that, in the first stage of the *Sertularia polyzonias*, for example, a single enlargement forms the summit of the stalk. It is invested by a delicate membrane, which, instead of including a solitary head, covers a twin bud also. As the former increases, the latter forks off from it; next, another from that which is the more mature, and thus with the rest. The increment of the tubularia ensues only during the subsistence of the head. But the head is deciduous, falling in general soon after recovery from the sea. It is reg-

nerated at intervals of from ten days to several weeks, but with the number of external organs successively diminishing, though the stem is always elongated. It seems to rise within this tubular stem from below, and to be dependent on the presence of the internal tenacious matter with which the tube is occupied. A head springs from the remaining stem, cut over very near the root; and a redundancy of heads may be obtained from artificial sections, apparently beyond the ordinary provisions of nature. Thus twenty-two heads were produced through the course of 550 days, from three sections of a single stem. The reproductive powers of some animals are very great. It would be worthy of investigation whether, in some of the *Annulosa*, as they are now denominated, the whole elements of the entire animal do not reside in each segment. Fragments from the lower extremity of the largest specimens I could procure of the *Amphitrite ventilabrum*, and others of that genus, have regenerated both the complex and beautiful plume forming the branchiæ before and the secretory glands behind, as they may be conjectured, affording the glutinous matter for fabricating the tube. But neither can the singular mechanical properties of the former be used, nor do the latter seem of any avail under the artificial state of the red integrated fragment. All the preceding results, together with many others alike singular, are illustrated by drawings from the pencil of skillful artists."

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (Preservation of *Mollusca*.)

In a note to the secretary, Mr. Benson, one of the fellows, states, that in January 1832 he observed, near the banks of the canal leading from the eastern suburb of Calcutta to the Salt-Lake at Balliaghât, heaps of a *cardita* with longitudinal ribs, of a large and thick *cyrena*, and of *cerithium telescopium*, exposed to the heat of the sun for the purpose of effecting the death and decay of the included animals, previously to the reduction of the shells into lime. Early in the month, he took specimens of them; and, on leaving them for a night in fresh water, he was surprised to find two *cerithia* alive. He kept them during a fortnight in fresh-water, and on the 22d of January carried them, packed up in cotton, on board a vessel bound for England. After having been several days at sea, he placed them in a large open glass filled with salt-water, in which they appeared unusually lively: he kept them thus, changing the water at intervals, until the 29th of May, when he reached the English Channel: they were then packed up as before in a box, and carried to Portsmouth, to Cornwall, and thence to Dublin, which they did not reach till the 14th of June: here they again got fresh supplies of sea-water at intervals. One of them died during a temporary absence between the 30th of June and 7th of July: four days after, the survivor was again committed to its prison, and taken to Cornwall, and thence to London, where it was delivered alive on the 23d of July. The animal had thus travelled, during a period of six months, over a vast extent of the surface of the globe, and had for a considerable portion of that time been unavoidably deprived of its native element. On the same subject Mr. Gray observes, that the inhabitants of *land-shells* will remain alive without moisture for many months—a fact which is well known. He had occasion to notice, that various marine *mollusca* retain life in a state of torpidity for a considerable time; as was the case in the instance of two specimens of *cerithium armatum* from the Mauritius. The animal, though



deeply contracted within the shell, was apparently healthy, and beautifully coloured. It emitted a considerable quantity of bright green fluid, which stained paper of a grass-green colour; it also coloured two or three ounces of pure water. This green solution, after standing for twelve hours in a stoppered bottle, became purplish at the upper part; but the paper retained its green colour, though exposed to the atmosphere.

## CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

22<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>h</sup> 2<sup>m</sup>—the Sun enters Sagittarius. 30<sup>d</sup>—a total eclipse of the Sun, invisible to the British Isles. The following are the circumstances:—

H. M.			
General eclipse commences	4 42	lat. 43° 53' N. lon. 141° 24' W.	
Total eclipse begins	6 1	62 50	133 50
Total eclipse at noon	6 33	39 50	101 3
Total eclipse ends	7 52	39 39	49 39
Ends on the earth generally	9 11	17 27	57 36

The first contact of the Moon's penumbra with the earth takes place in the North Pacific Ocean, near the coast of New Albion, and the partial eclipse then first commences. The first contact of the Moon's umbra with the earth occurs north of Cook's Inlet, North America, and the total eclipse begins; the centre of the shadow traverses a long extent of the Stony Mountains, crosses the River Missouri, leaves America north of Florida, passes over Bermuda to the Great Bank of Newfoundland, where the total eclipse ends: at Charleston the observation will be total or nearly so. The eclipse will be partial to the north-eastern and north-western parts of North America, California, Mexico, the West India Islands, and the northern parts of South America.

## Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ First Quarter in Capricornus	7	18	30
☉ Full Moon in Aries	15	23	48
☾ Last Quarter in Leo	23	15	36
☉ New Moon in Ophiuchus	30	6	48

13<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>h</sup>—the Moon in apogee. 28<sup>d</sup> 19<sup>h</sup>—in perigee.

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Scorpio	2	10	27
Venus in Sagittarius	4	0	39
Uranus in Aquarius	8	5	49
Jupiter in Taurus	17	3	42
Mars in Gemini	20	14	58
Saturn in Virgo	26	23	3
Mercury in Libra	29	8	7

9<sup>d</sup> 11<sup>h</sup> 17<sup>m</sup>—the Moon will make a near approach to 17 Aquarii. 27<sup>d</sup>—occultation of 95 Virginis by the Moon; immersion, 16<sup>h</sup> 12<sup>m</sup>, near the time of the Moon's rising; emersion, 17<sup>h</sup> 6<sup>m</sup>.

2<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>h</sup> 54<sup>m</sup>—Mercury at his greatest eastern elongation (23° 26'). 4<sup>h</sup>—in conjunction with 19 Scorpii; difference of latitude, 10'. 12<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>h</sup> 3<sup>m</sup>—stationary. 20<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>h</sup> 20<sup>m</sup>—ascending node. 23<sup>d</sup> 2<sup>h</sup>—inferior conjunction with the Sun, also with 1 β Scorpii; difference of latitude, 9'. 25<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>h</sup> 41<sup>m</sup>—in perihelion.

3<sup>d</sup>—Venus in conjunction with γ Sagittarii; difference of latitude, 2'. 15<sup>d</sup> 15<sup>h</sup>—greatest brilliancy as an evening star, one third of the disc illuminated. 17<sup>d</sup>—semi-diameter, 20". 67. 30<sup>d</sup> 16<sup>h</sup> 4<sup>m</sup>—stationary.

Mars is approaching to a favourable situation for telescopic observation; this planet will soon be conspicuous on the midnight sky. 23<sup>d</sup> 8<sup>h</sup> 7<sup>m</sup>—stationary.

19<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>h</sup> 47<sup>m</sup>—Vesta in opposition near α Tauri. 8<sup>d</sup>—Juno in conjunction with 61 Sagittarii, 1° 42' north of the star. 13<sup>d</sup>—Pallas will approach very close to 109 Virginis. 22<sup>d</sup>—Ceres in conjunction with 1 ε Libræ, 23' north of the star.

Jupiter is now an exceedingly brilliant and interesting object in the heavens. 30<sup>d</sup> 1<sup>h</sup>—in

conjunction with α Tauri, one of the bright stars in the Hyades.

## Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion	1	9	16	38
	6	16	42	7
	8	11	10	39
	13	18	36	14
	15	13	4	48
	17	7	33	20
	22	14	59	6
	24	9	27	41

	D.	H.	M.	S.
Second Satellite	1	15	5	38
	8	17	42	34
	12	7	0	37
	19	9	37	32
	26	12	14	25
	28	9	25	15

	D.	H.	M.	S.
Third Satellite	25	9	25	15

17<sup>d</sup>—Major axis of Saturn's ring, 36".69; minor axis, 7".78.

1<sup>d</sup> 16<sup>h</sup> 39<sup>m</sup>—Uranus stationary. 15<sup>d</sup> 0<sup>h</sup> 49<sup>m</sup>—in quadrature with the Sun.

Depford. J. T. BARKER.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.  
LONDON UNIVERSITY.

THE lecture, introductory to the general classes of this Institution, was delivered on Wednesday by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, Professor of History. The lower theatre was nearly filled with students and their friends, amongst whom were many leading literary and scientific characters.

The learned professor commenced by intimating his intention of taking a comparative view of the histories of France and England, during the age of the *Grand Monarque*, Louis XIV. of France. He remarked, that the Gallic history of this period properly divided itself into three epochs: the minority of Louis XIV., signalled by its popular excesses, and its general character of turbulence; the majority of the monarch, remarkable for its splendour and success; and his decline of life, marked by the misfortunes of the prince, and the misery and oppression of his people. To suit the purposes of a despotic monarch and his voluptuous court, the inhabitants of the country were ground down by the fiercest oppression, and yet presented the curious anomaly of an oppressed people deifying the monarch who tyrannised over them; while, on the other hand, the king contrived to flatter the vanity of the nation, and hold them up as the most civilised people in Europe, at the very time that multitudes would have been glad of the food given to our horses, and would have considered it comparative comfort to have resided in our stables, instead of the wretched hovels in which they dwelt.

After some general remarks on the literary and dramatic history of the French during the reign of Louis XIV., in which full justice was done to that monarch for his patronage of literature and the drama, the professor proceeded to remark on the loose and voluptuous character of the court and government of Charles II. He noticed some instances of the opposition met with by this monarch and his successor to these acts on the part of the people, and remarked, that throughout these reigns an under-current of healthy and sound feeling existed in the bulk of the nation, very different from the vain servility or artificial fancies of the French, and which he imputed to the advancement of the English in political and general knowledge, and their love of, and capacity to estimate, true liberty.

The professor concluded a very eloquent extemporaneous address, during which he was frequently interrupted with applause, by expressing an anxious hope that England would continue to lead the van in the march of im-

provement, and thus fit herself for the possession of freedom, and become enabled to assist in its extension over the whole universe.

## WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

ON Saturday a stormy debate took place at a meeting of this Society, when, instead of listening to a scientific essay prepared by Dr. Epps, a discussion arose upon an alteration made by the committee in the titles and mode of election of their chief officers. It is curious enough to observe, that in most subjects connected with the medical profession, rival publications, differences of opinion, &c., that asperity which in other learned bodies used to be called the *odium theologicum*; and the wrangling of the bar has almost entirely remained, in our times, with the dispensers of physic. In every other respect, it is the most liberal and admirable of the learned pursuits: pity 'tis that it cannot leave squabbling and reviling to party politicians.

## COLERIDGE.

IN a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, at some Hall in Fetter Lane, he divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda,—who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

## FINE ARTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION IN SUFFOLK STREET.  
(Third Notice.)

No. 264, *Hope told a flattering Tale*. A. Rippling. And to none does she tell it more frequently and more seductively than to artists; on whom failures and disappointments act only as stimulants to further efforts. The subject under our notice is painted with much sweetness and delicacy.—No. 280, *Dutch Girl*. A. J. Woolmer. The women of Holland must have greatly increased in beauty since the days of Rembrandt, if we may judge from this and other specimens from the works of modern painters.—No. 256, *Harvest Done*. W. Fisk. The truth and nature depicted in this labouring rustic, and the pleasing associations connected with the subject, may well recommend the performance.—No. 304, *A Study*. G. Balmer. A clever example of the picturesque; in which the styles of Salvator Rosa and Francesco Mola are admirably united.—No. 317, *The Death of Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert*. H. Andrews. A subject sufficient to task the powers of any artist to the utmost. The unfortunate position of this picture, and the chilling of the varnish, prevent us from fully appreciating the merit which it seems to possess.—No. 319, *Moorish Tower on the Bridge of Cordova*. D. Roberts. Romance, chivalry, and adventure, all belong to Spain and her history. Of the picturesque beauties of that fine country, Mr. Roberts has, in this as in many other instances, shewn that he well knows how to avail himself.—No. 324, *Scene in Dugard's Wood, near Bristol*. J. B. Pyne. Admirable as a sketch, and full of pictorial capabilities for a finished performance.—No. 328, *The Parting Glass*. W. Shayer. Illustrated by a group of rustics at a country public-house door, and invested by the artist with all the

varieties of the picturesque. As to its being a *parting* glass, however, we "have our doubts." We suspect that, like Baxter's "more last words," the draught will be renewed.—No. 333, *The Glen of the Rocks*. J. A. O'Connor; the figures by S. A. Hart. We may observe of this, as of many other productions by native artists, that there are few works by the old masters, parallel qualities to which may not be found in the performances of the British school. "The Glen of the Rocks" is an admirable proof of this fact; exhibiting, as it does, the style and character of Salvator Rosa's best compositions.—No. 231, *Turning the Corner*. J. Zietter. Few, we imagine, would expect, from the title, to find a group of cattle; the skilful execution of which, however, proves that Mr. Zietter himself has turned the corner of mediocrity, and is advancing on the right road to excellence.—No. 283, *River Scene*; *moonlight*: No. 297, *River Scene*; *evening*. E. Child. Clever examples of this artist's power.—Besides those which we have pointed out, there are to be found in the same room works of equal interest from the pencils of Messrs. T. Pitts, F. C. Turner, J. Walter, T. S. Cooper, F. W. Watts, H. W. Burgess, G. Barret, J. Bowden, S. R. Hamilton, J. Wood, S. S. Bendixon, R. B. Beechey, G. Lance, S. Drummond, A. R. A., H. Singleton, A. R. A., &c.

What is called the Water-Colour Room has its full portion of interesting varieties in oil as well as in water; from the former of which we select No. 402, *The Flight of Bacon*. J. M. Wright. It is some years since the picture for which this was the sketch made a considerable sensation, even among the dons at the Royal Academy; but we believe it was a prior work of the same class, "The Burning Shame," which first brought into public notice the powers of Mr. Wright; of whom we may justly say that no one, except the late highly gifted and venerated Stothard, has shewn more versatile genius.—Nos. 381 and 385, *Subjects from Don Quixote*, are early productions by the same able artist.—No. 367, *View from Windcliffe, looking towards the Bristol Channel*. J. M. Ince. In extent of prospect and beautiful character of scenery, this view is not to be surpassed; and of its fidelity, judging of it from other and similar works by the same artist, of which we have seen the prototypes, we entertain no doubt.—No. 380, *Kilman, on the river Clyde*. T. C. Holland. A beautiful example of the artist's talents, in character, execution, and effect.—No. 375, *Cottage at Lyndhurst*. J. Burnet. From its deep and mellow tones, and from its various picturesque qualities, this performance, like that which we have already noticed from Mr. Burnet's pencil, might well pass for one of earlier date, and be considered as appertaining to Flemish art. The same may be said of No. 376, *Coast View*, and other works by J. Wilson.—No. 384, *The Highland Cottage*. A. Montague. To this cavern-like dwelling and its inmate, Mr. Montague has given a powerful and excellent effect.—No. 406, *Evening*. J. Holland. Interesting, like all this artist's productions, from its truth, and the style of its execution.—Among other works in oil in this room which deserve attention are, No. 345, *View at Ockley*. G. Sims; No. 349, *A Cottage-Door*. E. Child; No. 355, *Near Ashford*. Derbyshire, C. Marshall; No. 359, *View of the Bristol Channel from St. Vincent's Rock*. F. Danby, A. R. A.; No. 361, *Heath Scene*, A. Vickers; No. 363, *Afternoon*, G. Barret, &c.

[To be continued.]

## MUSIC.

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Society of British Musicians held their first concert this season on Monday, the 27th instant, in the Hanover Square Rooms. Considering the thinness of town, the room was remarkably well filled; and several of the performances of the evening met with considerable applause. We have been so much delighted of late with the soft notes of the best of our native (public) talent, that some difficulty is experienced in giving an opinion upon young persons evidently very nervous, and little accustomed to exhibit their powers before large assemblies. In the royal anthem, which preceded the business of the concert, there were one or two decided failures among the females; but during the evening Miss Land gave evidence of considerable vocal attainments, which, however, require maturing. The recitative, "When Freedom draws," wants more articulation than she has power to give; but, in other respects, was well executed. A serious glee for four voices,

"The mellow touch of music most doth wound  
The soul when it doth rather sigh than sound,"

pleased us much; the counter-tenor particularly. Miss Bruce also continues to afford much promise. Mr. Lucas played a concerto on the violoncello of his own composition, which did not admit of much display. We cannot help thinking that the arrangement of a few good passages from admired masters is better suited for occasions of this kind. Of the two new sinfonias, we preferred that of Mr. C. James Calkin; though the other, in F minor, by Mr. G. A. McFarren, had many beauties, among which were some striking and original effects produced by the wind instruments.

*Amateur Musical Festival*.—On the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there have been a pre-rehearsal, a rehearsal, and a performance, of a grand concert, under this title, at Exeter Hall: the fund produced by which, and the concerts to follow, are for the benefit of that excellent charity the Charing Cross and Westminster Hospital. An immense number of amateurs, some 700, have come forward on the benevolent occasion.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Lyric Illustrations of the Modern Poets: a Collection of Twelve Vocal Compositions for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Bass Voices*, by John Barnett. (London, D'Almaine and Co.)—The preface perfectly explains the nature of this work, a series of lyrical compositions upon the poetry of distinguished writers, which, during two years have awakened the sympathies of the composer. Barnett's enthusiasm has been finely employed in embalming, with sweet harmonies, the splendid effusions of Shelley, which form the chief portion of the volume; and for the rest relying on Byron, Wordsworth, T. K. Hervey, Leigh Hunt, and Sheridan Knowles. A couplet of the latter is natural and striking:—

"Indeed, indeed, love's dream should end— [friend.]  
As coldest stranger's better far than lover turned to  
The whole volume is of a high and delightful order; and the lovers of beauty in song can scarcely acquire a collection of greater variety and interest.

*Seraphine Songs*, Nos. I. II. (London, Green.)—Composed for Mr. Green's seraphine, the ambitious title of *Seraphine Songs* has been conferred on No. I. the "Hand of Bounty," the words by Bishop Heber; and No. II. "He cometh, he cometh," the words by Mr. Combs. Both are admirably adapted either to the instrument in question, the organ, or even the piano-forte; being full of expression. In families where profane music is not allowed on Sundays, these pieces will be most acceptable acquisitions.

*At the Sound of the Evening Bell; the Cavatina sung by Mr. Millar in the Opera of "My Grandfather."* by A. Lee. (London, Lee.)—An eminently sweet and pleasing air, though with several passages certainly not of much originality. For a voice of moderate compass it is well calculated to be a greater favourite in the room than it has ever been in the theatre.

*I'll not throw away the Flower.*

*No sigh away, die away Lovers for Me.*

*Where the sweet Roses bloom.*

*'Tis sweet in the Moonlight—all from the same Opera.*—The first, sung also by Millar, is a beautiful song, with rich symphonies and accompaniment. The second, sung by Miss Somerville, is more fit for the stage than for the home circle; and has accordingly a happy effect from the mouth of so agreeable a songstress. The third exercises the charming organ of Mrs. Waylett, and is prettily harmonised on a slender and not a new subject. The last is a quartett, adding Miss Novello to the three we have just named, and has been justly and loudly applauded.

*Oh! then, Love, come to Me.*

*Fill the Bowl with Streams of Pleasure.* Same Composer, &c.—The amative air, in Peake's laughable and very clever drama of the *Dead Guest*, is written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, and sung by Miss Novello. It is an easy-flowing melody, with some original ideas; and being not difficult to sing, and provided with a pretty accompaniment, we can commend it to our fair friends. The gle, with its musical cheers (from the same opera), is already a well known favourite, and, like good wine, needs no bush. Nothing can be more jovial and Anacreontic.

## DRAMA.

### COVENT GARDEN.

*Manfred*, an Easter-piece, by the late Right Hon. Lord Byron; with "Transformations," by Alfred Bunn, Esq. Such is an amended, i. e. accurate copy of the play-bill of last Wednesday night; and such bill would give, in a sentence, the exact description of the entertainment of the evening. *Manfred*, the original Saracen's Head of terror and mystery, is the least adapted of any thing that ever was put into dialogue for the stage. The terror is undefined, the mystery undeveloped. The spiritual agency is merely the vehicle for some exquisite lyric poetry; it has no actual influence on the character of *Manfred*, and produces no result that could tell in a theatre. The secret of what attracts us in reading is, that it brings forth, in a new and picturesque seeming, that ideal of human suffering which is at once Byron's power and inspiration. He paints the darker mood of mortal discontent, when the soul is disquieted and weary, and wishes for the wings of the morning, that it may flee away and be at rest. This worn and depressed feeling is known even to the most careless and the most worldly; but it requires a subdued tone of mind for its existence, and solitude for its indulgence: it needs the closet, not the theatre. The charm of a book and of a play by which we are strongly excited is of a totally different nature. In reading the book, we identify ourselves with its creations; in seeing a play, we believe the scene to be actually passing. In the one case we are actors, in the other eye-witnesses. Of course we speak of the highest excitement in either instance. Now, *Manfred* especially appeals to those morbid susceptibilities, from whose existence timidity and shame are inseparable; ill-calculated, indeed, must they be for the display of the drama. What does the drama require?—plot, incident, action: of all which three requisites *Manfred* has not one. Unable to make a tragedy of it, the manager has constituted a spectacle. Here, again, was dangerous ground. Byron has, of all writers, the faculty of awakening the imagination of his readers; and to realise such visions is absolutely impossible. Hence many scenes, in themselves striking and fanciful, were disappointments; they did not—indeed they could not—come up to the previous vague and poetical fantasy. Still some of the painter's effects were vivid. The old hall of the castle, rich, carved, and sombre, contrasted well with what followed—the light, aerial, cloudy pavilion of "sunset and vermillion," of the Spirit of Air. The hall, too, of the Spirit of Night, the view of the Jungfrau mountain, and the appearance of the Witch of the Alps, were all beautiful productions, and

do honour to Messrs. Grievés' talents. The little ginger-bread things behind the Principle of Evil were most laughable; and the finale, a sort of variety from the eternal "Tentation de Saint Antoine," was supremely absurd. The fiends, whom *Manfred* defies, were a body of substantial soldiery, who are ultimately driven from the stage by a detachment of figurantes, with lutes in their hands; while *Astarte* from a cloud looks on, and directs proceedings. Certainly Byron never anticipated that his hero would be carried to heaven by a body-guard of she-angels! However, those theatrical protocols, the play-bills, declare that this scene contains "the evidences of crime and punishment, with the moral of the drama." We confess that we have not been able to find them out. Of the acting there is nothing to be said; the lyrics put into the mouths of the spirits should certainly have been sung: the recitation was as unmusical as could be. By the by, before we bid adieu to the supernatural, what was the meaning of the spirits in brown draperies, with green boughs, who ran about after *Manfred*? Never did we see such a waste of gauze, or such an exhibition of limbs. Mr. Denvil was placed in a very awkward position, that of having much expected from him, and nothing to do. To avoid the ridiculous was a great point, and in that he succeeded. It gave him no opportunity of evincing power; but his performance, during his monologue of three wearisome hours, has increased our opinion of his taste. His address to *Astarte* was spoken with great feeling, and he gave much effect to the appeal, "Look on the fiends around! they feel for me!" Though bricks may be made of straw, and out of this slight material a noble edifice erected, still material there must be; and in *Manfred* there is not even a straw. It should have been kept a little longer, and brought out as a pantomime.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

*Hermann, or the Broken Spear*, an opera in two acts, with music by Mr. John Thomson of Edinburgh, was produced here on Monday; and gave another testimony to the zeal and liberality with which Mr. Arnold is determined to redeem his public pledge to bring forward native musical talent. We rarely think it necessary to detail the plot, if there be a plot, or the story of an opera; and have no occasion to depart from our usual practice now. Suffice it to say, that the scene of the *Broken Spear* is in Germany, where *Hermann* (H. Phillips), the son of an Austrian duke, sows his wild oats as a bandit chief, but repents in time; and counteracts the murderous attempts of his former companions conspiring with *Gaimar*, a villainous seneschal (Perkins), against his sister *Iubella* (Miss F. Healy) and her lover, the *Prince of Mantua* (Mr. Wilson). The other leading parts are *Maralda*, the dumb sister of *Hermann* (Mrs. Ashton); *Margaret*, an attendant, announced for Mrs. Waylett, but, in consequence of her indisposition, performed by Miss Somerville; *Wrench*, as successor to the bandit command; *M'lan* as *Wolfgang*, one of his associates; and G. F. Stanley, as the chamberlain to the princess. In the music altogether there is much merit; and, in some instances, both beauty and originality sufficient to recommend it to a high degree of favour. It was extremely well executed, and we shall probably have to speak of it more in detail when we are more familiar with it than we could be on a single evening's acquaintance. Peake's most ludicrous entertainment of the *Climbing Boy* has also been played during the

week with great success, though the characters hitherto so laughably sustained by some of our best-known and most popular actors were represented by Mr. Romer, Mr. Tilbury, and Mr. M'lan. This trio of provincials shewed how worthy they were of transportation—we should say importation—to the capital; for Romer's *Jack Ragg* was as amusing as possible; and his associates (as *Jacob Buzzard* and *Shinker*) only fell behind him in consequence of their parts admitting of a less display of talent. This Mr. Romer, as we thought and observed on his *début*, is a valuable acquisition to our low comedy: let him avoid hurry and rapidity of utterance, which we doubt not he will as he acquires more self-possession.

#### ADDELPHI.

The attractions of this theatre are so overflowing that the manager need hardly have added to them: he has, nevertheless, done so; and a very fine scenic representation of the late fire has drawn down great applause during the week.

#### THE OLYMPIC.

THOUGH unfortunately deprived of the fascinating attractions of its accomplished lessee, we regret to say from indisposition, has during the week presented a round of light and popular vaudevilles, in which Liston, Keeley, Mrs. Orger, and other favourites, have exerted their talents with perfect success.

#### VICTORIA.

*Zameo*, a genuine melo-drama, was produced on Monday, and has been repeated every night to full houses. Its staple is the contest of two Indian tribes touching a white man, to whom one of them affords protection and a wife, while the other claims him as a sacrifice for unlawfully killing a beaver. The white man is done by the fair Miss P. Horton; and the browns, male and female, are spiritedly personated by Mrs. Oman Hill, Mrs. Sefton, Mrs. Selby, Miss Horton, Ransford, H. Wallack, Thompson, Ross, and others. Mitchell has, as is usual in such cases, from Colman's Africans downwards, a bit of low humour from England by way of relief, as something of Bow-bell must ever be heard near where there is a Belle savage and savage bows. The authorship of the piece is ascribed to Mr. Thompson, who has assumed for the occasion in the newspapers (which convey theatrical intelligence!) the sobriquet of Medora Byron, some chance daughter of the author of *Manfred*; and it is surmised that jealousy of this attempt may have caused the production of *Manfred* itself on Wednesday at the great national theatre!

#### FITZROY.

THIS theatre, under its new management, continues to carry on the dramatic campaign with considerable spirit. The audiences find plenty of amusement.

#### DRAMA IN IRELAND.

FROM *Saunders's News-Letter* and *Stewart's Telegraphic Dispatch* of Monday, which we have received from Dublin, we observe that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, altered by Mr. Sheridan Knowles and, we presume, by Mr. Macready, to render it fit for representation in our times, has been very successfully produced at the Dublin Theatre. "This play," (observes the critic in the *News-Letter*), "as is mentioned in the preface to the author's dramas, was very popular, and continued to be performed with great applause

until Charles the Second, whose notions of passive obedience and non-resistance were very decided, forbade its further representation, because the king is killed in it. Mr. Waller afterwards altered the objectionable part; but the emasculated frippery of the courtier did not assimilate with that to which it was attached. The task which Mr. Knowles undertook was of considerable difficulty, because the laxity and freeness of thinking infecting the play pervades not merely detached scenes, but is interwoven with the plot itself; and though the lesson finally conveyed is one to which no objection could be made, the means by which it is produced are of a questionable nature. Mr. Knowles, however, has evinced great judgment in most of his alterations; and, by the addition of several new and striking scenes, has given the whole a greater interest. The plot of the tragedy is simple, but admitting of great and marked display of character," &c. "Mr. Macready's *Melancthus*," he adds, "was a fine piece of acting; natural and feeling, and marked with much discrimination. In the interviews with his sister, the natural current of affection was seen gradually mingling with great indignation, and subduing its violence; and his spirit glared forth with vivid fire when he bearded the tyrant in his palace, and taunted him with his crimes. In some parts, however, he was too hurried. We never saw Miss Huddart to more advantage than in the character of *Evadne*. There are faults in her enunciation, which is unmusical, to which we have often adverted, and a straining after effect which renders her acting often unnatural; but these blemishes may be cured, while the qualifications she possesses are those which no labour can enable individuals to acquire. She enters fully into her author's conceptions, and conveys them with originality and force." The critic of the *Dispatch*, after also detailing the plot, says, "We have seen and admired Mr. Macready in many characters, but we never witnessed so powerful and magnificent a display of his transcendent talents as in two scenes of *The Bridal*—one, where the disclosure of his sister's guilt is made to him—and the other, where he taxes her with the dishonour she has brought on their ancient house, and compels her to confess the name of her paramour, and swear to murder him. The same remark we make of Mr. Macready is equally applicable to Miss Huddart. She never pleased us more than in *Evadne*. The subordinate parts were very respectably sustained. The scenic additions and appliances were at once tasteful and splendid; and Mr. Stansbury's musical embellishments reflect much credit upon him."

#### VARIETIES.

*Athens*.—M. de Klentze, a Bavarian, has been employed by the Greek government, and furnished with sufficient funds to proceed with the preservation and restoration of the remains of ancient Athens. He has already, it is stated, recovered four splendid portions of the Panathenean Frieze, equal, if not superior, to those parts brought to England by Lord Elgin. The Acropolis is being cleared of the accumulated rubbish of sixteen centuries; a sculptor is engaged to take care of the works of art which are rescued from the ruins; and a museum is to be formed in the heart of the renovated city. *Aurora Borealis*.—This splendid phenomenon seems to have been seen to great advantage on the evening of Thursday week. Both the Carlisle and Glasgow newspapers describe it as of extraordinary brilliancy. We have no



doubt (as the subject has attracted much attention of late, and especially of the British Association) that accurate observations were made on this occasion.

**Printing in Gold, &c.**—Unsuccessful, in a commercial point of view, as we are sorry to observe Mr. Brimmer has been with his beautiful art of printing in gold and splendid colours, it is some consolation to find that its merits have not been overlooked in foreign lands. The Académie de l'Industrie Française has, we see, at a late sitting, conferred a silver medal of honour upon our ingenious countryman.

**Earthquake in Jamaica.**—On the 7th of September the shock of a severe earthquake was experienced at Kingston, Jamaica. The undulations continued so long as half a minute, and were concluded by one of greater force than any which preceded.

**Fluctuation of Corn, Currency, Consols, from 1790 to 1833.** (James Wyld, Geographer to the King).—This scheme of the three C's is a very curious production, though we hardly know how to describe it. It consists of three parallel pictures (like those of the heights of mountains), representing the annual and, consequently, corresponding heights, falls, and fluctuations, in the values of corn, currency, and consols, during forty-three years. The picture is very striking, and the illustration through the eye to the understanding perfect. Need we add that the publication is of far greater importance than might be supposed from its slight form and appearance on the face of a quarto page?

**Simile.**—Our modern poets may well complain that all the similes have been used up before their time. "White as snow," "white as a lily," "white as ivory," are now general property; but the Welsh poet, Davyath ap Gwilym, has a completely new image—he calls the maiden of his love "white as lime."

**The Droll Play-Bills.**—"Mr. Denvil having, by his performance of *Bertram*, established himself in the estimation of the public as one of the most eminent tragedians that has adorned the stage, he will appear this evening in the character of *Richard the Third*." "*The Waterman*. Tom Tug, Mr. Wood, *Wilhelmina*, Mrs. Wood, (who will perform the parts on this particular occasion)."!!

**March of Humanity.**—At a recent meeting of Butchers at K—, after discussing reform and the corn-laws, the subject of rail-roads was brought forward, when one of the orators spoke enthusiastically in praise of the improvement. "Among other advantages," said he, "look at that which affects the pigs brought to market! They will be saved the fatigues of their journey, poor things! They will not, as now, run down all their flesh, poor things! They will not, as now, run down all their taste and flavour, poor things!!" (Loud cheers.)

**Lots of Fathers and Mothers.**—A correspondent in the Oct. No. of the *Gentleman's Magazine* states his opinion that the author of the Book of Enoch "was a descendant of the ten tribes residing in Judea!!"

#### Love's a Rose.

The bud springs amid thorns,  
By hiding leaves concealed;  
It grows, and a slight part  
In bright streaks is revealed;  
It blows—and straight the flower  
Falls withered on the field!

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Some fastidious persons consider it expedient that a work should be read before it is criticised; unto which opinion, now and then yielding, we beg simply to say (this week), that, not having had time to peruse Dr. Dunham's first vol. of the *History of the Germanic Empire*

(Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. LX.), we are extremely pleased with the general design, and with the parts we have been able to glance over. The seventh volume of *Scott's Prose Works*, consisting of provincial antiquities from expensive publications, appears to us to be very interesting. The *Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister* has much cleverness and entertaining matter: witness the assurance of a butcher to a grumbling customer, who was always finding fault with the quantity of bone in her meat.—"Madam, when I kill a beast without bone, you shall have a joint of it."

Mr. Valpy has announced a new edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in monthly volumes, including Johnson's *Journey to the Hebrides*, and his *Tour into Wales*; and interspersed with many anecdotes and documents never before published. Mr. S. Birch announces, *Annals of the Coinage of China*: being an Account of the Origin and Progress of the Chinese Mint, with engraved Specimens of their Coins and Medals—from the Shin Pao, the Shell Currency, the Taoh, the Pao, or cloth-formed Coinage, the Tseen, or present Currency.

A German Tale, descriptive of the age of Rodolph the Second, by Lord Albert Conyngham, is announced for publication. A History and Description of both Houses of Parliament, and of the ancient Palace, with its Appendages, is announced for publication, by Messrs. Brayley and Britton, illustrated by numerous engravings, to show the style and character of the successive architecture which belonged to the Anglo-Norman, the Plantagenet, and the Tudor dynasties.

#### In the Press.

Kidd's Entertaining Library: with Engravings on Wood by Robert Seymour.—The Library Manual: a Guide to the Purchasers of a Library of Standard Books, with Critical Notices, &c.—The Rev. J. H. St. Aubyn's *Romance*, Robert D'Artois.—A new edition, with improvements, of Professor Anthen's *School Horæ*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Warleigh; or, the Fatal Oak, a Legend of Devon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—History of the Germanic Empire, by S. A. Dunham Esq., LL.D., &c., Vol. I. forming Vol. LX. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Carrington's Collected Poems, 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 10s. cloth.—The Grey Festival; or, an Account of the Dinner given to Earl Grey at Edinburgh, 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—A Guide to Geology, by John Phillips, F.R.S. G.S., 12mo. 5s. cloth.—First Additional Supplement to Lardner's Encyclopædia of Agriculture published in Jan. 1831, 8vo. 5s. sewed.—Supplement to the 2d Edition of Mr. McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary, 8vo. sewed, 6s.—Sketch of the Natural History of Yarmouth and its Neighbourhood, by C. J. and J. Paget, 8vo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Treatise on Isometrical Drawing, by T. Sapwith, plates, royal 8vo. 16s.; large paper, 21s. cloth.—Lectures on Surgery, as delivered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, by W. Lawrence, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—The Fruit Cultivator, by John Rogers, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Bubbles from the Brunns of Nassau, 3d edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cloth.—Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister, fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—The Siege of Vienna, forming Vol. XIII. of the "Library of Romance," 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Romance of History, Italy, Vol. III. 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Musical Bijou for 1835, 4to. 15s. bds.—The Musical Talisman for 1835, 4to. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Musical Brainier, "Christian's Family Library," 12mo. 5s. cloth.—The Life of the Emperor Napoleon, with an Appendix containing the Examination of Sir W. Scott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 18s.—The Sacred Classics, Vol. II. "Beveridge's Thoughts," Vol. II. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—A New Interpretation of the Third Chapter of Genesis, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Woodeson's Lectures on the Laws of England, 2d edit., by Williams, 3 vols. 12mo. 30s. bds.—Bulwer's France, 2d edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. bds.—Williams's Abstracts of the Statutes passed 4th, and 4th and 5th William IV., 1834, 8vo. 8s. boards.—Thelwall's Thoughts in Affliction, 2d edit. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Chemical Recreations, by J. J. Griffin, new edit. 18mo. 5s. bds.—Treatise on Elementary Locomotion, by Alexander Gordon, 2d edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 16	From 39 to 61	29.35 to 29.26
Friday..... 17	.... 41 .. 53	29.29 .. 29.59
Saturday... 18	.... 35 .. 55	29.50 .. 29.49
Sunday.... 19	.... 36 .. 57	29.91 .. 29.43
Monday.... 20	.... 54 .. 61	29.73 .. 29.70
Tuesday... 21	.... 50 .. 56	29.95 .. 30.14
Wednesday 22	.... 36 .. 53	29.92 .. 29.76

Prevailing wind, S.W.  
Except the 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent showers.  
Rain fallen, .35 of an inch.  
Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. July 1834.

Thermometer—Highest.....	88° 50' .. the 17th.
Lowest.....	44° 00' .. 11th.
Mean.....	61° 10' 00' ..
Barometer—Highest.....	30° 05' .. 1st.
Lowest.....	29° 23' .. 19th.
Mean.....	29° 7' 10' ..

#### Number of days of rain, 13.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 7.06625.

Winds.—2 East—4 West—1 North—4 South—3 North-east—3 South-east—2 South-west—1 North-west.

**General Observations.**—The maximum of heat has been exceeded only once in the last eleven years, viz. in July 1825, and the minimum was above any in the same period; yet the mean was not so high as it was for the same month in 1836, though very far above those in any other year. The mean of the barometer was below those in the last three years, and the quantity of rain was extraordinarily great; indeed more rain fell than in any one month during the journalist's residence at Wycombe, (upwards of eleven years); notwithstanding which, the whole quantity since the 1st of January was less than has usually fallen in the same portion of the year. On the 4th, about half-past nine p.m., a small meteor was observed; it was first seen at an elevation of nearly eighty degrees, and took a south-westerly direction. Thunder was heard, and lightning seen, on the 6th, 18th, 28th, and 29th; on the last of which days the storm was very severe, and lasted from half-past two, until nearly four p.m., the thunder being remarkably loud, and the lightning extremely vivid; the rain for some time fell in torrents—the quantity nearly an inch and half. During the storm, the wind suddenly changed from the N.W. to the N.E., and blew a heavy squall, attended by large hail.

#### August.

Thermometer—Highest.....	85° 00' .. the 13th.
Lowest.....	36° 00' .. the 23d.
Mean.....	61° 43' 35' ..
Barometer—Highest.....	29° 29' .. the 16th.
Lowest.....	29° 33' .. the 29th.
Mean.....	29° 63' 33' ..

#### Number of days of rain, 10.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2.46935.

Winds.—1 East—2 West—6 North—3 South—2 North-east—6 South-east—6 South-west—3 North-west.

**General Observations.**—This was the hottest August that has occurred for many years, the 13th being hotter than any day in the same month for the last eleven years, and the mean temperature of the month above any during the same time. The barometer was by no means high, but very steady, and the range consequently small, yet the quantity of rain was not more than in the last two years; was heard on the 25th, and again on the following day; on both occasions in the afternoon.

#### September.

Thermometer—Highest.....	75° 50' .. the 19th.
Lowest.....	34° 00' .. the 10th.
Mean.....	55° 46' 75' ..
Barometer—Highest.....	30° 24' .. the 13th.
Lowest.....	29° 19' .. the 9th.
Mean.....	29° 67' 23' ..

#### Number of days of rain, 9.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2.00375.

Winds.—7 East—4 West—5 North—6 South—1 North-east—3 South-east—2 South-west—2 North-west.

**General Observations.**—The same excess of heat which prevailed for the last four months was experienced this month; the mean was upwards of five degrees above that of last September, and has only once been exceeded in the last eleven years, viz. in 1824, when the maximum and mean were both higher. The barometer was also, with the exception of the same month in 1832, much higher than it has been for the last eleven years. The quantity of rain was considerably less than usual, although more than in the corresponding months in the last two years; the weather was generally fine, but some rain fell in the latter end of the month; on the 26th upwards of half an inch, chiefly in the night. Lightning was seen on the 4th, about eleven p.m., to the northward and eastward.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Elfin's Song" is too long for the subject and us, though it evinces poetical imagination, and is a fair example of youthful composition.

"A. B. A." thought at the beginning of the alphabet, was received at the end of our time.

There can be no doubt of the sincerity and beauty of F. J.'s lines to Mary, but they are too individual for publication.

The request relative to the Belgrave Institution reached us too late for any notice this week; but, indeed, though most friendly to all institutions of the kind, where literature is cherished and intelligence diffused, we should rarely be very difficult to give detailed accounts of their doings in every quarter where they are established. Our reports of the more important and national Societies, also, forestall their proceedings.

J. M., about Mrs. Siddons's bearded bust, in the character of *Adam*, is not very intelligible to us. The silly person who has imposed two letters upon us with the Folkestone post-mark, is informed that the post-office returns the postages of such epistles; and we congratulate him on his "high-minded ingenuity."

We do not see that it would do any good to assist the writer to recover his lost journal from Malvern.

**ERRATA.**—Owing to accidental circumstances, some errors crept into the scientific articles in our L. G. Oct. 18, which we hasten to correct. Page 701, col. 3, line 40, for "geologist" read "zoologist;" line 64, for "Trichia" read "Tricheus;" for "calceopterus" read "coleopterous;" Page 702, col. 1, line 27, for "Ilora" read "Hana;" Page 704, col. 3, line 4, for "spheonotus" read "spheonotus;" col. 3, line 12, for "geological" read "geographical."

## ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

**THE PROOF ILLUSTRATIONS to the**  
**KEEPSAKE, 1856.**  
 Number 410, plain Proofs, 2s. 9s.; India, 3s. 3s.;  
 before Letters, 4s. 6s.  
 London: Hodgson, Boys, and Graves, 6 Pall Mall.

**PERUSAL OF NEW BOOKS.**—The  
 Nobility and Gentry are respectfully informed that the  
 Perusal of new Publications may be obtained in Town or  
 Country, by a moderate yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, sub-  
 scription, to the British and Foreign Public Library, Conduit  
 Street. The Addenda to the Catalogue of this extensive Library  
 for the present year is just published, and may be had, with the  
 Terms, an application to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Conduit  
 Street, Hanover Square.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

The November Number of  
**THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE**  
 contains, among other interesting articles:—  
 Mr. Theodore Hook's "Gilbert  
 Gurney," in continuation.  
 The Judgment of Fard, a Ro-  
 man, read in Elysium by the  
 Queen of Hell.  
 Irish Highways, by Mrs. S. C.  
 Hall.  
 The Heart's Tribute and the  
 Fallen Leaves by the Hon.  
 Mrs. Norton.  
 Bonaparte, his Bards, and Al-  
 fieri's Prophetic Tragedy.

Published for H. Colburn, by R. Bentley.  
 Sold by all Booksellers.

In 12mo. price 3s. 6d. boards,  
**A POPULAR VIEW OF HOMEO-  
 PATHY.**  
 By the Rev. THOMAS EVEREST,  
 Rector of Wotton, Gloucestershire, under Lieuten-  
 ant: William Pickering, Chancery Lane.

**THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE**  
 for November contains, among others, the following  
 articles:—Tudor's Tour in North America, Mexico, &c.—Let-  
 ters of Addison and Prior—Considerations on Joshua's Miracle—  
 Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle—The Study of Anglo-Saxon Li-  
 terature in England: Anacreon's Fragments, translated—Re-  
 spective Review: Dunbar the Poet: Fordage's Poems—With  
 a Review of New Publications: The Annals, and Works in the  
 Fine Arts—Literary, Scientific, and Antiquarian Intelligence—  
 Literary, with Memoirs of Mr. Justice Jebb, Dr. Doyle, Sir R.  
 King, Sir J. Doyle, Sir R. Seymour, Sir B. H. Carew, Lieut.  
 Shipp, S. T. Coleridge, Esq., Mr. Thelwall, &c. &c.—Embel-  
 lished with a View of St. Giles's Church, Oxford: a Representa-  
 tion of the Port at Corfu, near Rheims; and a Plan, showing  
 the Conflagration of the two Houses of Parliament. Price 2s. 6d.  
 Published by W. Pickering, Chancery Lane.

**ARMY AND NAVY.**  
**THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL**  
 AND NAVAL AND MILITARY MAGAZINE for  
 November contains, among other interesting Papers:—Details  
 of the Action of the 18th December, 1813, in front of Bayonne,  
 sustained by the British Army, Allied Army, under Lieuten-  
 ant, Sir Rowland Hill; with a Sketch of the Ground—Tradi-  
 tions of the American War of Independence, No. I.—The Order-  
 of, or Naval Sketches, by Jonathan Oldjank, Esq., Royal  
 Navy, No. I.—The Falkland Islands—A Trip through the Pro-  
 vinces of Portugal, during the late struggle, by an English Mi-  
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